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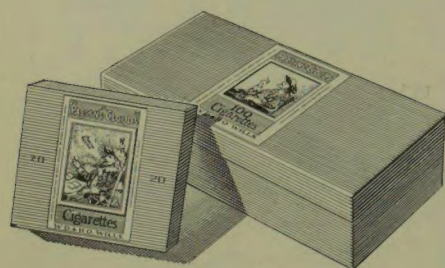
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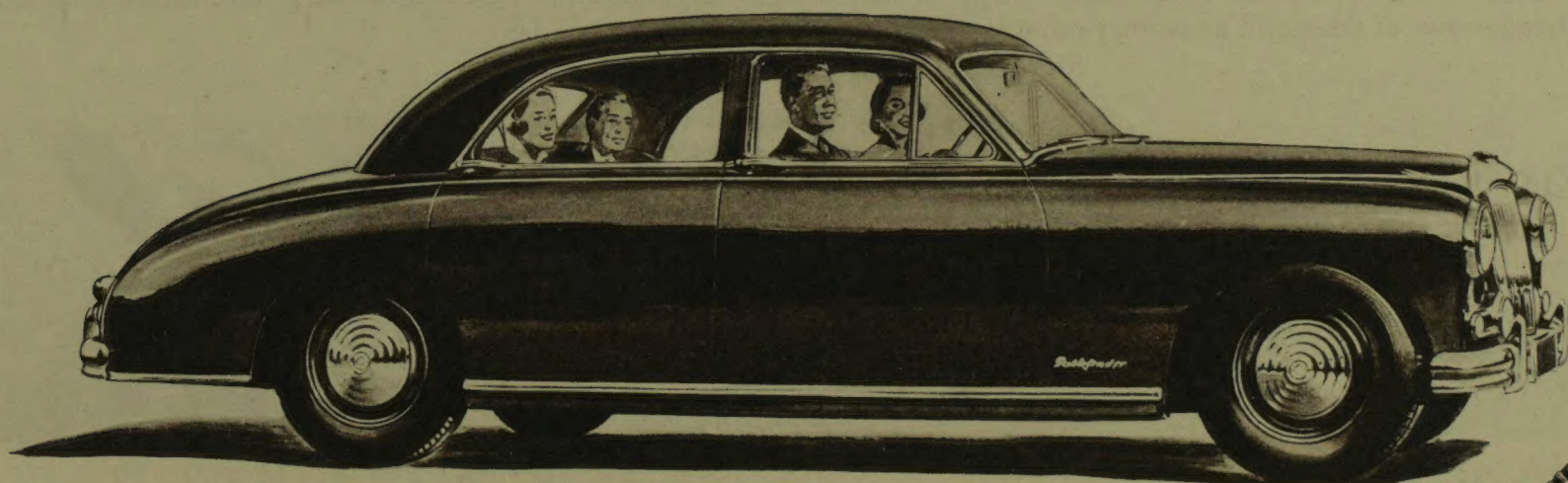
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1955.



A FIELD OF "DAISIES" IN THE LAND OF THE INTOXICATING TREE: ESPELETIAS, TREE-DAISIES, GROWING ON THE HIGH MOORS OF THE COLOMBIAN ANDES, NEAR THE ENCHANTING VALLEY OF SIBUNDOY.

In the northern Andes, in southern Colombia, on the east side of the watershed, near the source of the Putumayo, one of the Amazon's main tributaries, lies the green Valley of Sibundoy; and in this valley Dr. Schultes, of Harvard University, found a hitherto unknown intoxicating tree, much prized by the local witch-doctors for its powerful narcotic effects, a plant with huge and beautiful flowers, which they cultivate jealously and hand on as a professional heirloom. Above this valley lie high moors, mist-enshrouded, cold and desolate; and it is on the wide

undulations of these moors that appear the "daisy lawns" we show above. These are wide tracts almost uniformly dotted with a species of Espeletia, called Frailejon, a tree-like member of the daisy family, in which a rosette of blade-like leaves grows on the end of a slowly-growing stump, something like a brussels sprout but reaching some 9 ft. in height. An article by Dr. Schultes on his exploration of Sibundoy and his discovery of *Methysticodendron amesianum*, the narcotic tree, with illustrations of the tree and its flowers, appears on later pages.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOMETIMES at this season of the changing calendar I have written about New Year resolutions. It seems easy to suggest one for 1956. It is that all of us, high and low, official and unofficial, representative and non-representative, should do our best to halt that facile and dangerous slide to the abyss of chaos called inflation. For if we do not, we shall find ourselves, as surely as night follows day, proceeding at a rapidly-accelerating rate, and one which we can no longer halt, to the bottom of the pit; and one has only to look at the subsequent political and social history of the nations which have let themselves be carried down that fatal slope to realise where inflation leads. It leads to moral and national fever, wasting consumption and ultimate collapse.

For the signs of what is happening are everywhere apparent. Six times since the war, I believe, the fares of London's buses and coaches have been put up. What was formerly a penny ride now costs twopence halfpenny or even, in some cases, fourpence. Soon, one begins to fear, it will cost sixpence or a shilling, then, perhaps, half-a-crown, then a pound. It may sound inconceivable, but it could very easily come to pass. Those who remember Germany after the First World War do not need to be reminded of how quickly such things can happen. Every year at this time, for instance, for the past few years, the wages of farm-workers have been raised, and every time, with unfailing regularity, the wages of other trades and industries, and with them prices, have risen in tune, so that at the end of the year the agricultural labourer has been back where he started, no better off than before and the least well-paid of any skilled worker in Britain. No one benefits from the process except those who make money out of change, out of social unrest and out of uncertainty. The gambler, the speculator, the pedlar in financial fluctuation, are the beneficiaries of this uprooting, unsettling upheaval. The rest of the community are the losers. And as the uncertainty heightens, the motives that cause men to work hard and steadily—to be thrifty, to improve their own lot and their children's, and with it their country's, by taking thought for the morrow and exerting and sacrificing themselves to achieve it—are steadily diminished.

How is this suicidal tendency to be halted? There are some who suppose, in spite of evidence to the contrary, that it can be stopped by the orthodox financial expedients of the past, such as raising the Bank Rate and restricting credit. But orthodox financial expedients work in an orthodox way only if they operate in the conditions of an orthodox financial society, and these no longer exist to-day. When wages are artificially regulated or go-slow practices enforced by vast, all-powerful corporate organisations placed by special legislation above the law, when rents are fixed and landlords compelled to give tenants of houses and farms absolute security regardless of the laws of supply and demand, when trade and currency restrictions and monopolies of every kind are given statutory force and protection, the application of the laws of supply and demand to one small corner of the national economy alone is both illogical and ineffective. The national economy is one and indivisible; one cannot tamper with one part of its delicate mechanism without affecting every other. I have no doubt that, if by the touch of a magician's wand, we could revert overnight to the old free *laissez-faire* economy of mid-Victorian times—to the harsh but libertarian England of "Vice-Versa" and of Cobden and Bright—a high Bank Rate would check inflation as surely as pulling back the throttle of a well-kept motor-car automatically reduces its speed. But in the crazy, patched-up, Heath Robinson car of the modern Welfare State, it does not necessarily have this desired effect at all. It may, indeed, have just the opposite effect. For in an artificial and unfree economy such as ours, a high Bank Rate may merely send up working costs and so drive up prices still further. That, indeed, I believe, is one of the things that is happening to-day; the inflationary spiral is being quickened by a supposedly automatic remedy which, instead of

causing the wheel to turn one way, causes it, because the mechanism has already been tampered with, to turn the other. Dear money in a society where wages are artificially fixed and unemployment artificially prevented means dearer goods. It is, in our topsy-turvy economy, an inflationary device.

I may be mistaken in this, but as I see it, our financial and fiscal malaise needs a far more comprehensive remedy. It requires a concerted effort by those who rule us, and with the willing co-operation of all the great power-wielding corporations of modern economic and industrial society, first to peg and then to bring down prices. Wage demands must be resisted and so must the demands for higher prices of those who sell public utilities, goods and money. We are all in this together, and if we want in 1956 and after to see a turn of the tide and the beginning of a return to a stabler and more industrious and provident society, we shall have to make up our

minds to some such common action. The first lead will have to come, of course, from Parliament and the statutory authorities; it will have to, in any case, sooner or later, if the rot is to be stopped and the nation saved from the social disaster that in our time has befallen Germany and France and whose evil consequences continue, as we can now see, long after the inflationary spiral has ended in repudiation, bankruptcy, and an apparent, but illusory and short-lived, economic recovery. What is needed is a self-denying ordinance at the top, both by Legislature and Executive, by Capital and Labour. It may well be that in the end a National Government or Coalition will have to be formed to grapple with the evil. For thinking in terms of old-fashioned prejudices, orthodox formulas and slogans can never provide a solution to this great problem of modern society. Like all economic problems, it is at its root a moral problem—a fact which economists and practical financiers and statesmen alike are curiously slow to see. We have got to go back to first principles: to think deeply and radically about the whole problem of the creation of money, of taxation and the relation of these things to the cost of goods and labour. In the last resort what matters is stability of the reward for service, so that a man can know that, if he works hard and takes thought for the morrow, he and his loved ones will benefit from his doing so. That is just what under our topsy-turvy system of taxation and rocketing prices a man does not to-day know. He knows, on the contrary, that he stands a better chance of wealth by gambling on commodity prices and the Stock Exchange if he is a rich man, and, if he is a poor one, by spending his time at the dogs and over football pools. I believe that before we can return to sanity and the principles that make men and nations great we shall be driven to reform our fiscal and financial system from top to bottom. To-day both operate to discourage stable production and thrift and, by doing so, to promote envy, class jealousy and anti-social practices in all ranks of the community. There is so much that is fine in our people, so much of integrity, sound instinct and right thinking that we inherit from our past. But in a free, as opposed to an authoritarian society, the stability and incentive of money is as essential as the flow of water to a water-mill. It is because that flow is not being properly regulated that our people to-day are working under conditions that favour the spiv, the slacker and the gambler, and that penalise thrift and industry. To change those conditions and reverse this dangerous social tendency ought to be the New Year resolve of every man who loves his country and the character of its people. The test of a State and of its institutions and of their efficacy is that they form a framework in which men find it natural and easy to live usefully and healthily and in which their virtues and capacities are fostered and encouraged instead of being discouraged. Where such a framework is lacking, a nation declines; wherever it is present, it flourishes and becomes great.

THE PRINCIPAL PERSONALITIES IN SWEEPING GOVERNMENT CHANGES.



APPOINTED LORD PRIVY SEAL: MR. R. A. BUTLER, AGED 53, AND FORMERLY CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, AGED 61, AND PREVIOUSLY FOREIGN SECRETARY.

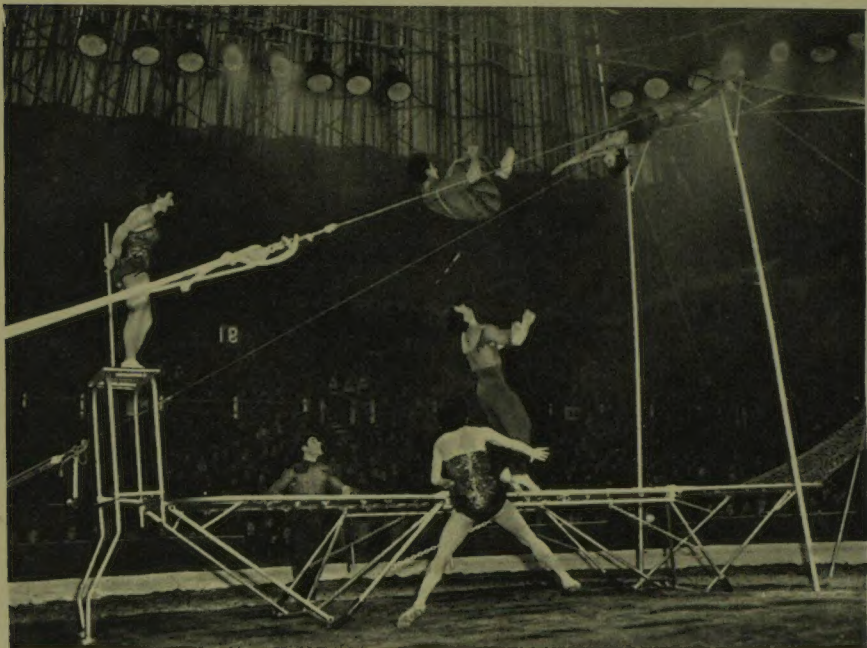


THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: MR. SELWYN LLOYD, THE FORMER MINISTER OF DEFENCE, AGED 51.

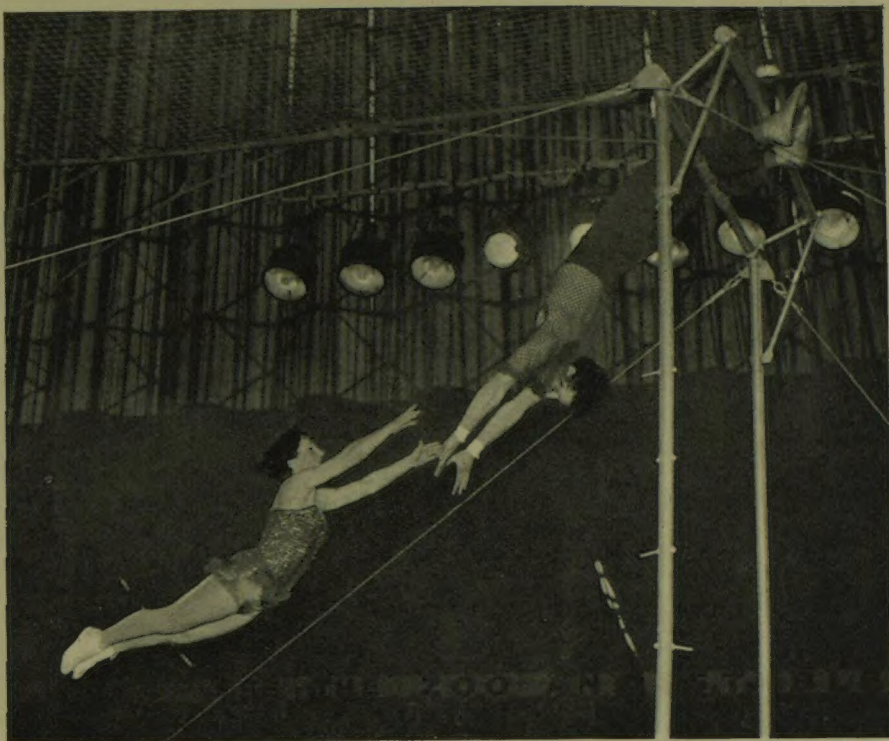


APPOINTED MINISTER OF DEFENCE: SIR WALTER MONCKTON, AGED 64, AND FORMERLY MINISTER OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN: HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA.



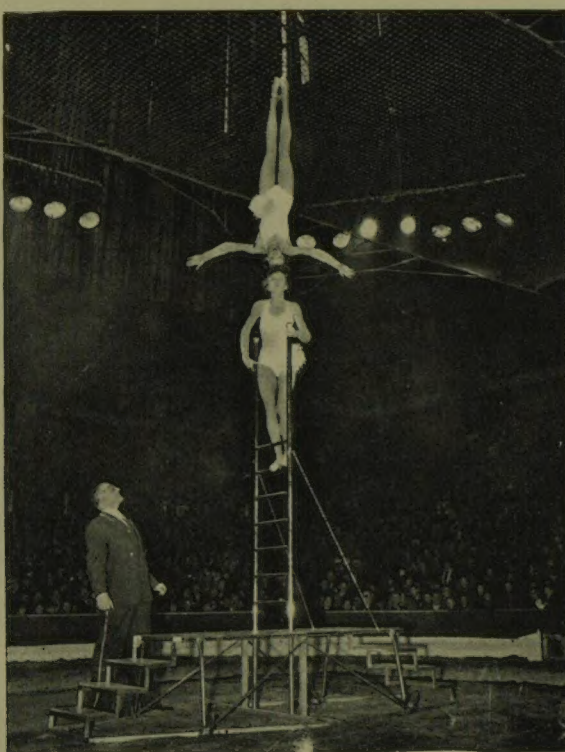
MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON WITH THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA: THE ARRIOLA FAMILY FROM SPAIN IN A BRILLIANT TRAMPOLINE ACT.



ON WINGS OF SONG—AND WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE TRAMPOLINE—I COME TO THEE! TWO ARRIOLAS IN ONE OF THE SHOW'S MOST CONTINUOUSLY EXCITING ACTS.



THE OWNER-DRIVER IN PERSON: KAM, A FOUR-YEAR-OLD ELEPHANT IN KRUSE'S ELEPHANT REVUE, AN ACT WHICH MAKES ITS FIRST APPEARANCE ANYWHERE, AT OLYMPIA.



THE MASCOTT SISTERS—MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON—IN A BREATH-TAKING AND GRACEFUL BALANCING ACT OF REAL CHARM.



OWNER—YES; DRIVER—NO! KAM, THE *INGENU* OF KRUSE'S ELEPHANT REVUE, DECIDES THAT IT MAY BE SLOWER, BUT IT'S CERTAINLY QUIETER, TO WALK.



NATURE'S CLOWN: ONE OF THE STARS OF THE BENEWEIS SEA-LIONS, MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN THIS COUNTRY, TURNS HIMSELF INTO A HOOP-LA PRIZE.

On the afternoon of December 20 the Circus came to Town—with the traditional Children's Matinée of the Bertram Mills Circus, at Olympia; where Cyril and Bernard Mills began the twenty-ninth season (December 20–February 4) for the great circus which their father, the late Bertram Mills, founded. We show here some photographs taken during that opening matinée which may give some hint of the thrills, laughs, fanfares and *frissons* which make this the highlight of a child's Christmas. But there are some things which the camera can not capture—notably the equestrian acts. Outstanding among these is the Argentine Express,



LENZ'S BOXING CHIMPANZEES IN A DIFFERENT KIND OF "SWING SESSION": THE ACT WHICH BRINGS THE CROWDED PERFORMANCE TO ITS CLOSE.

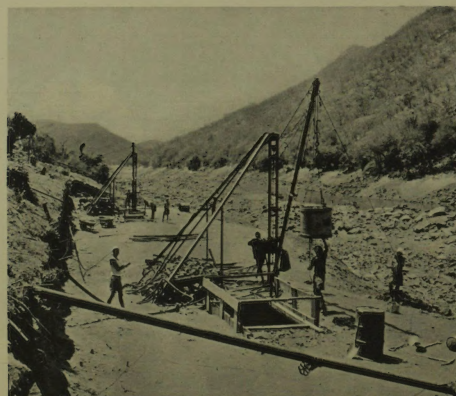
making its first appearance at Olympia, in which Enrico Zimmerman, riding two galloping horses (with a foot on either back) parts the two horses to allow another to pass through, picks up a long reign from this horse's back, and repeats this feat until he is controlling ten galloping horses from the backs of two of them. There is a large troupe of twenty-six versatile midgets gathered together by Karl Schaefer; and a delightfully crazy group of trained dogs called "Sonny Moore's Roustabouts." The great classics, the aerialists, the acrobats, the animal acts, are all there in plenty; but the clowns could well be allowed more scope.



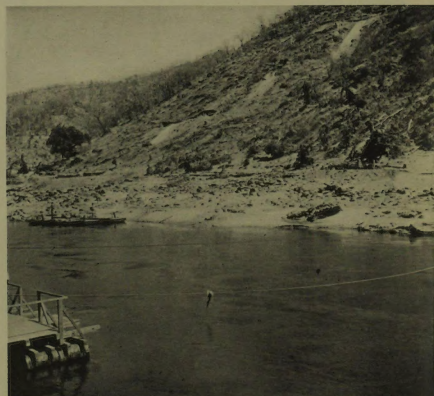
(ABOVE.) WHERE A DREAM IS BEING REALISED: THE SITE OF THE GREAT DAM FOR THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT WHICH WILL DAM THE MIGHTY ZAMBESI RIVER. WHEN IT IS BUILT, THE LEVEL OF THE WATER WILL REACH TO WHERE THE TOP OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH (RIGHT) CUTS THROUGH THE NORTH SIDE OF THE GORGE—A HEIGHT OF 370 FT.

IN the heart of the African continent a dream is being realised which heralds a new era for the British Central African Federation. This is the vast Kariba hydro-electric scheme, which will create the biggest man-made lake in the world. The plan is to dam the mighty Zambesi River, the fourth largest river in Africa, at a cost of some £85,000,000 and to harness its power for the needs of the newly-born Federation, which was brought into being on August 1, 1955, with the federation of the British territories of Southern Rhodesia.

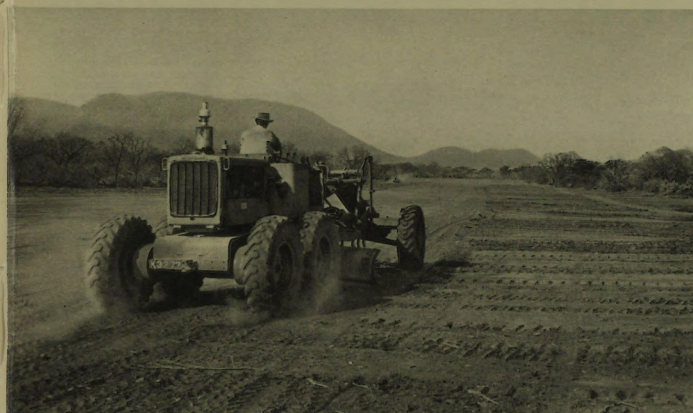
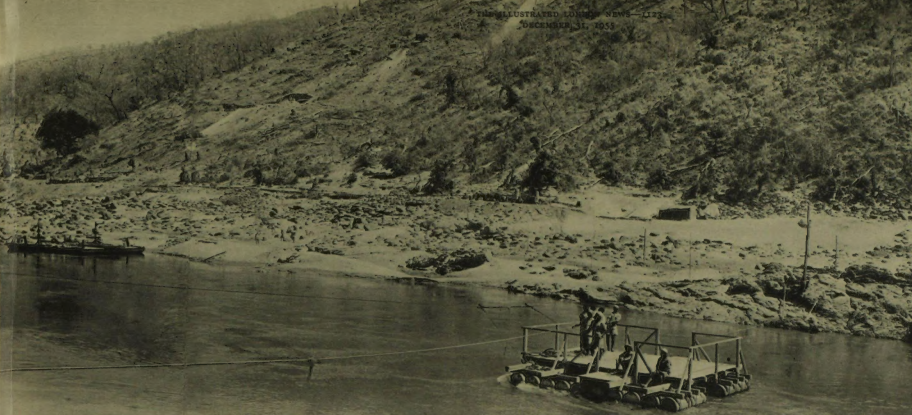
(RIGHT.) WHERE THE RESIDENT ENGINEER AT THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT IS LIVING: MR. E. P. DELANEY'S BASE CAMP. BECAUSE OF THE INTENSE HEAT, THE ALUMINIUM HUTS ARE BEING COVERED WITH THATCH (LIKE THE CENTRAL ONE).



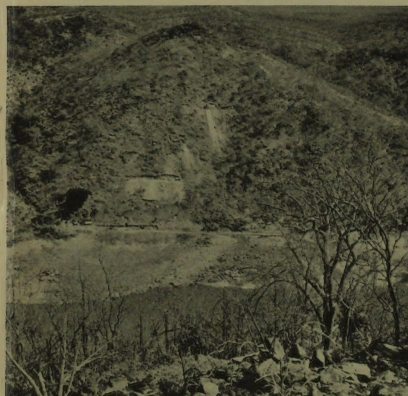
AN ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE MANY SHAFTS WHICH ARE BEING SUNK ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE KARIBA GORGE TO TEST THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE SCHEME.



SHOWING THE SITE OF THE KARIBA GORGE: A VIEW OF THE SOUTH BANK OF THE ZAMBESI. AT PRESENT PONTOONS ARE BEING USED TO CROSS THE RIVER.



IN THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN BUSH: WORK GOING ON DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE 1000-YARD-LONG AIRSTRIP ON WHICH LIGHT AIRCRAFT WILL BE ABLE TO LAND NEAR THE SITE OF THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME.



THE NORTH SIDE OF THE KARIBA GORGE. NOTE THE ENTRANCES TO THE SHAFTS WHICH ARE BEING SUNK TO TEST THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE DAM WALL.

Continued.
—Kariba being the African word for mousetrap. Because it resembled a native mousetrap in shape, a huge rock which used to jut out into the river at the entrance to the Gorge was called the Kariba. This rock used to give warning to African canoe paddlers of dangerous currents before it was swept away by the turbulent Zambesi, but the name persists to-day, and in future it is likely to be synonymous with development, power and prosperity for all who live—black and white alike—in Central Africa.
Photographs by Peter Winterbach.

(RIGHT.) REMINISCENT OF A GALLERY IN A COAL-MINE: THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE TUNNELS WHICH HAVE BEEN DRILLED INTO THE SIDES OF THE KARIBA GORGE TO TEST THE FOUNDATIONS.

Continued.
Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. It is estimated that the project when completed will virtually create an inland sea 200 miles long, with a shoreline of more than 1000 miles, and will produce 6½ billion units of power. The site of the dam is the Kariba Gorge, in the depths of the Zambesi Valley. Here the construction of the project has already been started by British and French engineers, who plan to complete the first stage by 1960. It was announced in Salisbury on December 19 that the height of the dam wall shall be such that the top water-level will be 370 ft. above the river-bed, which means that the wall will be a good deal higher than the Victoria Falls. It is proposed to have a four-lane highway along the top of the dam. The labour force engaged in the preliminary work now numbers 200 Europeans and 1,900 Africans. The photographs on these pages have been sent to us by Mr. Charles Still, of Salisbury, who recently returned from a visit to the site of the scheme. Mr. Still explains the origin of the name—Kariba Gorge

(Continued below, left)



IN THE LAND OF THE INTOXICATING TREE: THE HIGH COLOMBIAN VALLEY OF SIBUNDOY.



FIG. 1. IN THE HIGH, COLD MOORLAND COUNTRY ABOVE THE VALLEY OF SIBUNDOY, IN COLOMBIA, WHERE THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED NARCOTIC TREE GROWS WILD.

It was recently announced that a beautiful flowering tree, whose leaves have remarkable but as yet uninvestigated narcotic effects, had been found in the foothills on the eastern side of the Colombian Andes. We reproduce here, and on our front page, photographs of this tree and its flowers and of the district, taken by its discoverer, Dr. RICHARD EVANS SCHULTES, Ph.D., F.L.S., of the Botanical Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., who writes:

HIDDEN away in the heights of the Andes of southern Colombia lies the enchanting Valley of Sibundoy. The bed of an ancient lake, this green valley, 7000 ft. above sea-level (Fig. 5), is completely surrounded by still higher rain-forested mountains and bleak, mist-shrouded moors (Figs. 1, 2 and 3). The inhabitants of this little-known spot, where the mighty Putumayo River, a main tributary of the Amazon, rises, belong to two groups of Indians: the Inganos and the Sibundoyes, or Kamsás. The former speak a dialect of Kechua, the latter a complex language

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 2. LOOKING ACROSS THE HIGH PEAKS WHICH RISE BETWEEN PASTO AND SIBUNDOY, IN SOUTHERN COLOMBIA—A REGION VERY LITTLE KNOWN TO THE BOTANIST.

[Continued.]

which is yet to be classified. Though civilised, both tribes continue to wear their curious knee-length *cusma*, the long, heavy, woollen *ruana* and incredible amounts of tiny, coloured glass beads, *chaquira*, about the neck (Fig. 9). Here, in spite of Christian influence, lurk many aboriginal secrets which call for thorough ethnologic study. Most Indians of the northern Andes are "narcotic-conscious," employing many and strange intoxicants in divinatory, initiatory and therapeutic rites as well as in daily life. Prominent amongst these drugs are several species of tree-Daturas, beautiful members of the Solanaceæ or Nightshade family, which induce a dangerous euphoria. Like their neighbours, the Indians of the Valley of Sibundoy use these Daturas which they call *borracheras*. But they seem to have a deeper knowledge of narcotics than their neighbours. The recent finding of an intoxicating tree, hitherto unknown to botanists, but apparently related to the tree-Daturas, emphasizes what a vast field still remains for discovery in ethnobotany. It is the *culebra borrachera*, known by the Inganos as *kinde borrachera* or *quinchora borrachera*, by the Kamsás as

[Continued below, centre.]



FIG. 3. DAISY TREES (ESPELETIA SPECIES) GROWING ON THE MOORS ABOVE SIBUNDOY, WITH A FARMER, WHO ASSISTED DR. SCHULTES, GIVING THE SCALE OF THESE STRANGE PLANTS.

[Continued.]

mitskway borrachera. It has been given the technical botanical name of *Methysticodendron amesianum*: *Methysticodendron* from the Greek, meaning "intoxicating tree," *amesianum* in honour of the late outstanding American botanist, Professor Oakes Ames, of Harvard University. The 25-ft. tree, cultivated in house-gardens by witch-doctors who periodically travel to nearby mountains to fetch new plants from the wild, is being grown experimentally at Kew Gardens and Harvard University. *Methysticodendron* promises to become a highly-prized ornamental in our horticulture. It has long, strap-shaped leaves and profusely bears strikingly beautiful, hanging white flowers which, unlike the usual trumpet-Daturas, are cut into five graceful segments. At sundown, the flowers emit an extraordinarily

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 4. A KAMSA INDIAN FLAUTIST OF THE SIBUNDOY VALLEY. THE KAMSAS SPEAK A COMPLEX LANGUAGE WHICH HAS YET TO BE CLASSIFIED.

[Continued.]

sweet fragrance. As yet, the plant has not been studied chemically, but the narcosis induced leaves little doubt that the active principles are solanaceous alkaloids of the tropane series, similar to those found in the related tree-Daturas. They are powerful in the extreme, and missionaries at work in the Valley of Sibundoy

suspect that the death of one aged witch-doctor may have been due to an overdraft of this narcotic. The witch-doctors who grow *culebra borrachera* "own" the plant and pass on its "ownership," together with lore concerning its use, as hereditary property. Complex and long apprenticeships attend the teaching of

[Continued opposite page, centre.]

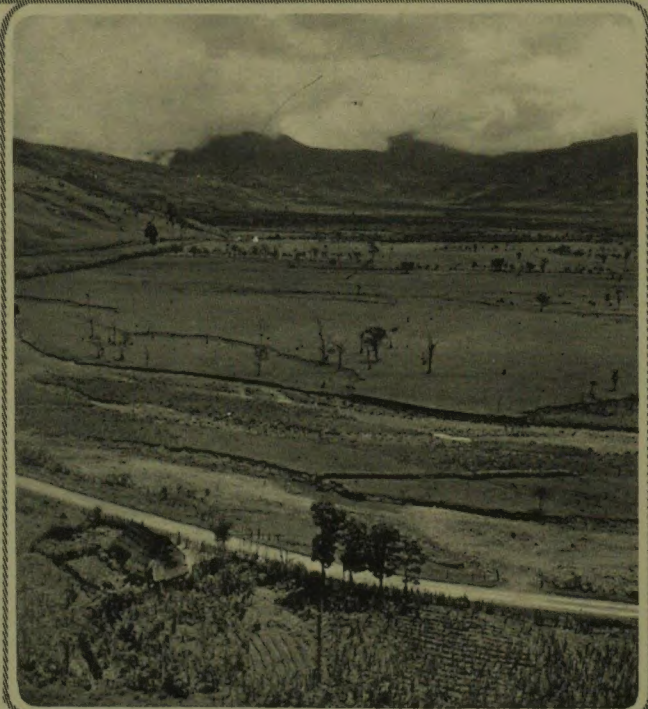


FIG. 5. THE GREEN PLAINS OF "THE ENCHANTING VALLEY OF SIBUNDOY"—THE SILTED-UP BED OF AN ANCIENT LAKE.

HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE: A STRANGE AND LOVELY NARCOTIC TREE.



FIG. 6. PART OF THE CROWN OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED NARCOTIC TREE, NOW NAMED *METHYSTICODENDRON AMESIANUM*, SHOWING THE HUGE, WHITE TRUMPET FLOWERS.

Continued.

boys aspiring to become sorcerers skilled in its manipulation. They must undergo many intoxications, during which the elder medicine-men impart their secrets—secrets which, according to the natives, can be taught only when the novitiate is "under the protection" of the spirit of the narcotic tree. The actual use of the drug, as well as teaching, must coincide strictly with the moon's phases, for it is thought to be effective only during the wane. The drug is taken in the form of a cold-water infusion of the leaves, which must not be gathered more than an hour before the drinking. Just before the draught is to be taken, the infusion is slightly heated. Witch-doctors imbibe as much as a cupful over a period of two or three hours, and should this not bring on the desired state of frenzy, preliminary to a deep stupor which may last for several days, an assistant prepares additional drink from fresh leaves. Medicine-men use *Methysticodendron* to "discover," during the intoxication, stolen or mislaid articles, to prophesy the outcome of

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 7. THE FLOWERS OF *METHYSTICODENDRON AMESIANUM*, WHITE, EXTREMELY FRAGRANT AT EVENING. THE LEAVES CONTAIN A POWERFUL INTOXICATING AND NARCOTIC PRINCIPLE.



FIG. 8. THE FLOWERS OF THE NEW INTOXICATING TREE—FROM A DRAWING BY ELMER W. SMITH. THE TREE IS RELATED TO THE TREE-DATURAS AND SEEMS LIKELY TO BE HARDY IN THIS COUNTRY.



FIG. 9. A KAMSA INDIAN BOY HOLDING A FLOWER AND LEAVES OF THE NARCOTIC TREE. HE IS WEARING THE TYPICAL MULTIPLE NECKLACE OF THE DISTRICT.

Continued.

important tribal undertakings, to detect hexes and to diagnose the causes of diseases. In addition, it is used in the direct therapeutic treatment of certain sicknesses. The leaves and flowers, heated in water, are applied as a plaster to reduce tumours and swellings, especially of the joints. To relieve persistent chills and fever, common in this high, cold country where tuberculosis is rife, the witch-doctor sometimes bathes the whole body of the patient with a warm decoction of the leaves and then smears lamb-fat on the back and abdomen. Intriguing indeed to scientists is the extreme localisation of *Methysticodendron amesianum* to this one valley. Sibundoy is known to botanists as a repository of rare plants, many of which have never been found elsewhere. But how such a strikingly beautiful tree, so magnificently conspicuous, with its profusion of flowers 8 to 10 ins. long, escaped detection until now is one of those fascinating questions which make the work of a naturalist in South America's luxuriant and seemingly inexhaustible mountain fastnesses so rewarding.

THACKERAY'S EARLY YEARS AND RISE TO FAME.

"THACKERAY: THE USES OF ADVERSITY, 1811-1846"; By GORDON N. RAY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TEN years ago Professor Ray, of Illinois, produced a four-volume edition of Thackeray's Letters and Private Papers. At that time he promised a comprehensive account of the life and writings. Here is the first of two volumes in which he intends to redeem his promise. He has used an immense amount of manuscript material, much of it in America, and he has throughout had the assistance of the novelist's grandson and granddaughter who, incidentally, have enabled him to quote from the unpublished writings of Thackeray, and his very able and charming daughter, Lady Ritchie. At last, nearly a century after Thackeray's death, we have a biography which is both authoritative and authorized: and it is quite first-class in all respects.

Most literate people must be aware that Thackeray gave firm instructions to his family that there should be no official Life: "Papa said," Lady Ritchie recorded, "'when I drop there is to be no life written of me, mind this, and consider it my last testament and desire.'" He had good reasons. It was not that his life wouldn't bear inspection. His son-in-law, Leslie Stephen, was thoroughly firm about that: "This alone may be said; and I say it with the most entire conviction of its truth. Nothing could be told of Mr. Thackeray's private life by those who have the fullest means of knowledge which would not confirm the highest estimate derivable from his writings of the tenderness of his heart and the moral worth of his nature; and all that could be told would tend to justify the profound affection with which they cherish his memory." But, as Mr. Ray suggests, he knew that he had enemies who would not mind defaming the dead if occasion arose, and "he was a Victorian gentleman, who treasured his privacy." There was, I think, more than that. No proud and sensitive man can like the prospect of his bitterest sorrows, and most anxious worries, being pored over, even sympathetically, by strangers, any more than he can relish the notion of his foibles, and his fights with them, being blazoned forth and patronisingly pitied. Suppose, for example, that this present book had been published a year or two after his death, when his chief vilifiers were still alive and his name universally known. What would have been made, to the distress

for the rest of his life to do anything he liked, or nothing. But he had been infected, on a trip to France, with a passion for gambling. He began by playing with fellow-undergraduates, in which pastime, as a rule, there is not much risk. But professional gamblers were about the town, on the look-out for greenhorns. "The sharpers who were pursuing him took lodgings opposite to Trinity, made his acquaintance, and invited him to their rooms to dinner and écarté. At first he was allowed to win and the stakes were raised... then he lost and lost and lost." Before their departure they obtained Thackeray's promise to pay £1500 when he came into his fortune in 1832—i.e., when he came of age. "A reckless gambler who postponed the paying of his debts," would probably have been the comment of the jealous enemy. Later, Thackeray had a "vie de bohème" time as an artist "trainee" in Paris, but it didn't come off. He could certainly draw, but he hadn't the gift of drawing without distortion nor the patience to be a perfected artist either in line or colour. That could have been sneered at by the mean or the disappointed. Then came the crash of certain great firms of Indian agents, which reduced his inheritance to next to nothing, pending later legacies. Then came marriage to the gentle, sweetly-singing, daughter of a Gorgon

of a widow, a girl very much like Amelia in "Vanity Fair," and Dickens's "child-wife" Dora, in "David Copperfield." Then came the desperate struggle, with borrowings (always, I suspect, paid back) to maintain a wife on frantic scribbles for the periodical Press. Then came a child who lived; then a baby, never forgotten, who died; then a third daughter whose arrival coincided with incipient madness in his wife.

Thackeray's wife went mad, and lived long. He kept on visiting her in mental homes in France, and in the end (after she had shown bursts of affection and remembrance) had to put her under care in this country. She had no great brain and didn't quite understand what he was up to, and wondered why he couldn't do his work with her and a baby playing in the room. But he loved her, and it was baffling to him that he couldn't penetrate the curtain of incomprehensibility which divided them. She survived him, if you can call it that, for thirty years.

When he announced his "ban" on a "Life," that sort of thing must have been in his mind. Publication of everything would have laid everything open to caustic criticism and lampooning. Muck-raking journalists like Yates, who had hung on the fringes of decent Clubs, would have hinted, had there been an immediate "Life," that Thackeray had driven his poor, innocent wife off her head by his selfishness, lack of consideration for women, drunkenness, laziness—and, well, the Seven Cardinal Sins.

That justified the veto. But, alas, the veto didn't stop the libels. In the absence of straight information, men, even in our own day, were tempted to think the worst of Thackeray. When the Letters appeared, says Professor Ray, Mr. Sadleir, for example, was not slow to offer an *amende honorable*. In his review of the book he included:

A humble confession of error from one who thought to read Thackeray aright, but in fact grossly maligned him. In a book about Bulwer Lytton, published fifteen years ago, I drew conclusions as to Thackeray's character from a number of his periodical writings and from reminiscences of hostile or unperceptive contemporaries; which conclusions are now proved to have been mistaken.

That is a handsome admission from Mr. Sadleir. Thackeray would have appreciated it. Thackeray, in spite of his ban, would probably have given his blessing to this book, since it had to be written. It is fair to him as a man, and it is thoroughly understanding

of him as an author. Professor Ray is aware of the scramble for a living that made the young Thackeray produce masses of articles for magazines; but, when success in that way (too late for the domestic happiness for which he pined) eluded him, he struggled through to the mastery of "Vanity Fair," one of the greatest novels in the world. Professor Ray writes many pages, pages not merely biographical but critical in the widest sense, about "Vanity Fair." Never have I read better pages about that book, even from George Saintsbury: Professor Ray seems to understand everything from the finest shades of character to the finest cadences of prose.

"Thank you very much" I can hear the shade of Thackeray saying. But I don't think the shade would be so pleased had he found his masterpiece compared—if only as a revolutionary work in the field of literary technique—with that mound of incomprehensible muck, James Joyce's "Ulysses." However, Professor Ray, to whom I take off my hat, must be very catholic. He is about to write an



MRS. THACKERAY AND "ANNY." "ANNY" WAS THE THACKERAYS' ELDEST CHILD, WHO WAS BORN IN 1837 AND MARRIED SIR RICHMOND RITCHIE IN 1877.

From a sketch by Thackeray, reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. Fuller. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846"; by courtesy of the publisher, the Oxford University Press.



THACKERAY IN 1833, WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-TWO. From a sketch by Daniel Maclise, reproduced by courtesy of the Garrick Club.

of his family, of his juvenile follies, his misfortunes and his great tragedy?

It is easy to conjecture, and with great probability of accuracy. Thackeray, when he went to Cambridge from Charterhouse, had "expectations" of a fortune large enough (considering the value of money at that time and the absence of income-tax) to free himself



FATHER OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: RICHMOND THACKERAY, WHO WAS BORN IN 1781 AND DIED IN 1815, WHEN HIS ONLY CHILD WAS FOUR.

From an oil painting, reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Ritchie.

Authorized Life of H. G. Wells—who would hardly have been, to use the inevitable modernism, Thackeray's cup of tea.

This is merely by the way. Professor Ray's is the model of a biography, and of a critical biography.

* "Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846." By Gordon N. Ray. Illustrated. (Oxford University Press; 35s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1150 of this issue.

SOME PRE-CHRISTMAS ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS, AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S BIRTHDAY.



DURING HER TOUR OF THE NEW BUILDINGS AT LONDON AIRPORT: THE QUEEN, WITH MR. BOYD-CARPENTER (THEN MINISTER OF TRANSPORT), VISITING THE NURSERIES. On December 16 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh toured the new central terminal area of London Airport and visited the nurseries in the eastern apex building, which the Queen, at the end of her speech, named "The Queen's Building." This building houses the operational offices and is the main entrance for visitors, leading on to the terraced roof gardens, and containing a post office, news cinema, lecture hall and grill room.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVING HARRODS STORE, IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE, ON DECEMBER 16. HER MAJESTY SPENT SOME TIME IN THE CHRISTMAS BAZAAR AND ALSO MADE PURCHASES IN OTHER DEPARTMENTS.



AT THE WELLINGTON BOYS' CLUB IN BATTERSEA: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING TO THREE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB DURING HIS VISIT ON DECEMBER 20. THE WHOLE PREMISES HAD BEEN RENOVATED AND REDECORATED BY BOY MEMBERS AND THEIR FATHERS.



AT OLYMPIA: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM A WHITE-FACED CLOWN RESPLENDENT IN A GLITTERING COAT. On December 21 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret attended a special performance of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. It was held in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is patron.



NINETEEN YEARS OLD ON CHRISTMAS DAY: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT, WHO CELEBRATED HER BIRTHDAY ON DECEMBER 25 AT SANDRINGHAM. Christmas is a day of double celebration for two members of the Royal family, for December 25 is the birthday of Princess Alexandra of Kent and of her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duchess of Kent and her family arranged to spend Christmas at Sandringham with the Queen.



"ROCKY SUMMITS OLD IN STORY": TWO VIEWS OF THE CONICAL-SHAPED ROCKS OF THE CENTRAL ANATOLIAN PLATEAU, WHERE EARLY CHRISTIANS SHELTERED FROM THEIR PERSECUTORS.
A LUNAR-LIKE LANDSCAPE, HOLLOWED WITH THE CAVES OF ABORIGINALS AND EARLY CHRISTIANS: THE ROCKS OF URGUP.

One of the most remarkable and grotesque rock formations in the world must be the great area of conical masses at Urgup, Central Turkey. It is a volcanic region, and in time past, torrents of molten lava swept across it, leaving desolation in their wake. The lava cooled and hardened into rock towers interspersed with patches of sandy scrub, so dangerously soft in parts that the visitor might sink into it unawares. Many of the rocks contain artificial caves, probably hollowed

out by the very early aboriginal inhabitants of the region. These caves provided refuge for many Christians in two different periods of persecution, and they painted religious images on walls and ceilings. The second wave of refugees mostly painted their work over that of their predecessors, but in certain of the caves it is now possible to discern traces of both occupations. Urgup lies in the central Anatolian plateau, approximately 150 miles south-east of Ankara.



NOT A HAND-CARVED FIGURE OF AN ANIMAL OR A PRIMITIVE DEITY, BUT A NATURAL ROCK FORMATION, THE RESIDUE OF A VOLCANIC FLOW: ONE OF THE CONICAL ROCKS IN THE URGUP REGION OF CENTRAL ANATOLIA.

SOME correspondents have approved of my recent practice of ending the year with a review of certain of its important events, in the light of articles which I have devoted to them here. I shall therefore repeat it. I must, however, also repeat the confession that these articles may not be wholly representative of the events. Illustrated weekly newspapers go to press some time before publication, and it may occur that an event of importance has to be missed one week because it is in an indecisive stage and is too late for the next week. Or the subject may be one on which I do not feel competent to write—one can hardly hope to be original or stimulating if one has to be coached in Whitehall at the last moment. Another factor is that home affairs do not generally provide my subjects when there are suitable ones to be found in the foreign field.

I had half-forgotten the intense excitement which was the background to "The Two Chinas" in the issue of February 6, though this is a subject which might well evoke similar sentiments again. People who had never heard of the Matsu islands suddenly awoke to their significance and were struck by the belief that, insignificant though they seemed, the spark which would set alight another war might be struck upon them. Criticisms of the President and Administration of the United States were severe in this country, especially on the Left Wing. They were often unfair because they over-simplified a complex problem. On August 13 it was discussed once more. It has been dormant since, but remains unsolved and heavy with latent trouble.

On February 27 was recorded the "gasp of surprise" over the so-called abdication of Malenkov. There have been a number of equally deep gasps over Russian affairs since and there are likely to be more, but never have we felt more in the dark than at that moment. We had no notion what the change portended, though a few wisecracks made some vague assessments. We know a good deal more by now. March 20 was devoted to that almost incomprehensible subject, the Saar, which was to be dealt with again later in the year, with reference to the plebiscite which revealed so clearly the German sympathies of the great majority of the population. Hydrogen bomb tests were discussed on April 9, when the hope was expressed that there would be no more of them. The suggestion made was that, since they were already perhaps too big to be used in war, there seemed no point in making further experiments which entailed serious risks. Unhappily, it appears that they are to continue. On April 23 came a pleasant home topic—no bombs, no backbiting, warm friendship between a departing giant and his successor—the effect of Sir Anthony Eden's succession to Sir Winston Churchill.

May 14, "Chaos in Indo-China." It is chaotic still, though not in eruption, as was then the case. On May 21 I discussed the possibilities of the coming "summit" conference at Geneva with, I hope, less credulity than some other commentators, then and after it had taken place. On June 4, on which date I was myself in Greece, which was highly interested in the subject, I wrote of the Russian delegation to Yugoslavia. The conclusion to which I then came is much the same as I should still make to-day: that the Russians got enough for their visit to be worth while, but not all they wanted. On July 15 the subject was the proposed British-Greek-Turkish Conference in London, with special reference to Cyprus. One can hardly celebrate in advance the obsequies of a conference in which one's own country is interested, but I could not feel enthusiastic about the prospects of this. I did not consider that Turkey should have been invited to deal with the major issue. The conference was a complete failure.

Then came, on August 6, advance comments on the "summit" conference at Geneva, written before it had started. I believed, as I still do, that it was worth holding; I felt, as I do still, that of itself it could effect nothing material and that we should have to await further evidence of the Russian attitude. Not very original, perhaps, but true. August 27 celebrated the Russian proposal to demobilise 640,000 men from the armed forces. I judged this to be in the main due to the demands of industry and perhaps agriculture. From what we have learnt about Russian military strength, it would appear to represent excessive manpower in proportion to the population, and thus tend to throw the economy out of balance. Where the land forces are concerned, there can be no doubt that they far exceed numerically any that could be brought against them at the outset of a war, or, indeed, ever, unless the war proved a long one. The reduction,

since stated to have been completed, can have little effect on the military situation.

On September 10 I dealt with the troubles in Morocco and Algeria. This had special reference to the bloody series of revolts and massacres which had taken place some three weeks earlier. Nothing so terrible was to occur during the rest of the year, but there has been intermittent fighting and a number of outrages. One effect has been to leave N.A.T.O. in Europe weaker than she has been for a long time, because so many French troops have been sent to Africa, and replaced, more or less, by reservists in Europe. The outlook is a little more promising since the restoration of the rightful Sultan. How bad French policy had been over his deposition! Here was a case where any intelligent outsider could see at a glance that an error of the first order had been made. Perhaps some Frenchmen say the same about Cyprus.

CANADA SHOWN IN A REALISTIC THIRD DIMENSION: A NEW RELIEF MAP.



NEWLY PUBLISHED BY A UNITED STATES AERIAL MAPPING COMPANY: A BIG NEW RELIEF MAP OF CANADA FOR OFFICES, HOMES AND SCHOOLS PRINTED ON HEAVY PLASTIC, BUT WEIGHING ONLY 2 LB. A big new relief map of Canada, published recently by Aero Service Corporation of Philadelphia, shows Canada in a realistic third dimension, as it might be seen from the air. The map, which measures 49 by 45 ins., is printed in eight vivid colours on heavy plastic which is "vacuum formed" to show mountains, valleys, and so on, in clear relief. For instance, Mount Logan (the highest peak in Canada—19,850 ft.) rises nearly an inch from the lowest point of the map. Snow-covered areas are coloured icy-blue, tundra is lavender, and cultivated lands are indicated by a tan earth colour. The colours are protected by a plastic coating so that the map can be freely marked without causing any damage. The scale of the map is 1 in. to 75 miles, or a ratio of 1:4,752,000. Some 3000 place names, including 1500 cities and towns, are shown on the map, and nearly 1000 lakes and streams are named, as well as about 500 capes, points, islands and peninsulas. A relief map of Europe in the same series was expected to be ready in December, and other maps are planned.

I returned to the latter topic on October 1, dealing, in particular, with the Turkish atrocities against Greeks in Istanbul and elsewhere.

I was unable to keep away from a topic so celebrated that it is often called in Fleet Street "B. and M." I wrote about it on October 8, solely from the point of view of the unfortunate effect on the prestige of the Foreign Service. On the personal side my interest in, and curiosity about, Comrades Burgess and Maclean is nil. October 15—Egypt buying Czech arms and the Russian Ambassador frequently closeted with the Egyptian dictator. This was a case where the Press and public largely took their tone from Government spokesmen, because the significance of the deal would not have appeared to any but the highly instructed to be as serious as it was in fact. It must be linked with the fighting between Egypt and Israel, since followed by a heavy Israeli attack on

Syrian forces, and with the rivalry between Egypt and Iraq over the leadership of the Arab world. The change in the Jordan Government and the riots in Amman over adhesion to the Baghdad Pact are more recent signs of this.

On October 29 I gave my impressions of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery's brilliant and provocative lecture to the Royal United Service Institution on the future of N.A.T.O.'s defences in particular, and on armed forces in general. November 12 was an appraisal of Russia's relations with the West in the light of the second Geneva Conference and other signs of the times. Briefly, my conclusion was that the danger of another world war had decreased but that the ideological battle was as fierce as ever, and that there was no likelihood of its coming to an end for some time to come, if ever. On November 19 and December 3 came two more articles on the Middle East: the first on the plight of the Arab refugees from Palestine, on which I had unhappily to sum up with "no change"; the second, entitled "The Northern Tier," on the Baghdad Pact. I did not agree with certain commentators who had dismissed it as of trifling importance, but did not rhapsodise over it.

On December 17 the subject was an event on the home pitch, the launch at Barrow by Vickers-Armstrongs of the *Spyros Niarchos*, the biggest oil-tanker afloat. It contained a discussion of modern tanker policy and some comments on the career of the remarkable Greek ship-owner for whom the ship was built and on his great fleet. For the 24th my article, unpublished as these words are written, is entitled "Officers' Wives," and deals with the difficulties of Service households to-day. It is concerned also with the results of these difficulties, the tendency of many promising officers who enjoy life in the armed forces to leave them for civil employment. My conclusion was that the most serious incentive to abandon the career of arms was the inadequacy of marriage allowances, coupled with the problem of educating children; the next being the risk, for officers likely to be compulsorily retired soon after the age of forty-five, of not obtaining suitable employment at that age, though probably at the height of their powers.

One topic which I find I have not touched is the eastern tour of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev. On balance it seems to have been successful and to have aroused much popular enthusiasm. It is certainly significant, and may in future appear one of the most significant events of the year. It is the most striking of a number of illustrations of the swing of Russian political strategy to Asia. The harnessing of eastern nations, preferably to the cause of Communism, but if not, then to hostility to the West, seems to Russia the longest step at present possible towards world domination. It is a practical fulfilment of the theoretical doctrine of the late Sir Halford Mackinder on the strategic power of the Euro-Asian land mass. In the case of China, the Russians appeal to both the Government and the teeming masses of the people. In that of India they address the people chiefly, but it is not impossible that they will find in the end, perhaps help to create, a Government after their own heart.

Everywhere they have promised or hinted at better times to come. The friends of Russia are to have atomic energy to raise their standard of living. The world is to be made safe for peace. "Colonialism" is to be abolished. The whole appeal to hundreds of millions of people, the vast majority of them living in abject poverty, is one of tremendous force. It gives life and fire to the vague aspirations which have passed through their minds and strengthens their dislike of the "capitalist" world which they hold responsible for their misfortunes. At worst, they reflect, a new order cannot be worse than the present, and it may come laden with bounties. The language of the appeal is to educated ears both crude and cynical, but the crudity is what strikes home and the cynicism is not divined.

There are many who say that Russia can never wholly harness even Communist China. I do not profess to know whether that is possible. Yet I confess that by comparison with this simple, direct and grandiose campaign Western policy sometimes looks to be concerned overmuch with relatively unimportant detail and, at best, to speak over the heads of those who have been aroused to enthusiasm by Mr. Krushchev. The issue of the ideological war will be determined by the impact of the opponents' weapons on minds. In writing this I am admitting that I have left out a subject which I should have included.

CHANGES IN THE GOVERNMENT: HONOURS AND NEW APPOINTMENTS.



CREATED A VISCOUNT: MR. J. P. L. THOMAS, AGED FIFTY-TWO, WHO RETAINS THE APPOINTMENT OF FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



CREATED AN EARL: VISCOUNT WOOLTON, AGED SEVENTY-TWO, WHO WAS FORMERLY CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.



CREATED A VISCOUNT: LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, V.C., AGED FORTY-SIX, AND FORMERLY SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR.



CREATED A VISCOUNT: MR. OSBERT PEAKE, AGED FIFTY-SEVEN, WHO WAS FORMERLY MINISTER OF PENSIONS AND NATIONAL INSURANCE.



CREATED A BARON: MR. HENRY HOPKINSON, AGED FIFTY-THREE, AND FORMERLY MINISTER OF STATE FOR COLONIAL AFFAIRS.



CREATED A VISCOUNT: CAPTAIN H. F. C. CROOKSHANK, AGED SIXTY-TWO, WHO WAS FORMERLY LORD PRIVY SEAL.



APPOINTED MINISTER OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE WITH A SEAT IN THE CABINET: MR. IAIN MACLEOD, AGED FORTY-THREE, WHO WAS FORMERLY MINISTER OF HEALTH.



APPOINTED CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER WITH A SEAT IN THE CABINET: THE EARL OF SELKIRK, AGED FORTY-NINE, AND FORMERLY PAYMASTER-GENERAL.



APPOINTED MINISTER OF WORKS WITH A SEAT IN THE CABINET: MR. PATRICK BUCHAN-HERBURN, AGED 54, FORMERLY PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY.



APPOINTED MINISTER OF FUEL AND POWER AND TO BE SWORN OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL: MR. AUBREY JONES, AGED 44—HIS FIRST MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENT.



APPOINTED SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR: MR. NIGEL BIRCH, AGED FORTY-NINE, WHO WAS FORMERLY MINISTER OF WORKS.



APPOINTED MINISTER OF STATE FOR COLONIAL AFFAIRS AND TO BE SWORN OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL: MR. JOHN HARE, AGED 44—HIS FIRST MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENT.

THE DEATH OF A "HERO": AND OTHER SCENES OF GREEK CYPRIOT TERRORISM IN CYPRUS.



CLAMOURING TO SURVEY THE COFFIN OF CHARALAMBOS MOUSKOS, KILLED BY A BRITISH OFFICER AFTER A TERRORIST AMBUSH: GREEK CYPRIOT "MOURNERS."



DISPERSED BY TEAR-GAS SHELLS: SOME OF THE 2000 "MOURNERS" IN METAXAS SQUARE WHO DEFIED THE GOVERNOR'S PROHIBITION ON PROCESSIONS.



EXAMINING KNIVES FOUND DURING THEIR RAID ON VILLAGES IN CYPRUS: ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS SEARCHING HOUSES IN KYPEROUNDA.



KNEELING SCHOOLGIRLS WATCHING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF A "HERO." CHARALAMBOS MOUSKOS WAS KILLED AFTER HE AND OTHER TERRORISTS HAD AMBUSHED A BRITISH CAR.



BLOODSTAINS ON THE FLOOR: THE SCENE IN QUAGLINO'S BAR, NICOSIA, AFTER THREE TERRORIST BOMBS HAD BEEN THROWN. FIFTEEN WERE INJURED IN THIS INCIDENT.



BEARING THE BODY OF LIEUTENANT L. T. J. KELLY TO THE BRITISH MILITARY CEMETERY. HE WAS KILLED DURING A TERRORIST RAID ON THE POLICE STATION AT YIALOUSA.



CHIEF MOURNER AT THE FUNERAL OF LANCE-CORPORAL MORUM: MAJOR BRIAN COMBE (FRONT), WHO KILLED ONE TERRORIST AND CAPTURED TWO OTHERS.

In spite of the State of Emergency, declared on November 26, sporadic outbreaks of terrorist violence in Cyprus continue. On December 14 the Governor, Sir John Harding, proscribed the Communist Party in Cyprus, and in widespread raids and searches throughout the island, British troops and police arrested over 100 Communist leaders. On the following day, an Army car was ambushed by terrorists near the village of Lefka and the driver, Lance-Corporal James Morum, killed. The other occupant of the car, Major Brian Combe, seized his Sten gun and returned the fire. He killed one man, seriously wounded another and captured a third. The dead terrorist proved to be Charalambos Mouskos, twenty-three, a cousin of Archbishop Makarios, on whose head there was a price of £5000. While

Lance-Corporal Morum was quietly buried in the military cemetery, Mouskos was given a "hero's" funeral. Flowers were showered on the coffin, and villagers knelt in prayer as the funeral procession passed. The coffin was taken to the Phaneromeni Church, where Archbishop Makarios officiated at the service. In spite of the ban on processions, a crowd of some 2000 followed the cortege through Metaxas Square, and were dispersed by tear-gas shells. On the same day, Lieutenant L. T. J. Kelly, the first commissioned officer to be killed by terrorists in Cyprus, was shot dead at the village of Yialousa. On December 18 the worst outrage to date occurred when three bombs were thrown into a bar in Nicosia, injuring fifteen, including Servicemen, and three Americans.

THE RUSSIAN LEADERS ON THEIR ASIAN TOUR: SCENES IN BURMA, INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.



A WATER FESTIVAL FOR THE RUSSIAN LEADERS DURING THEIR VISIT TO BURMA: MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN THE GOLDEN PEACOCK BARGE ON THE INLE LAKE.



STAGED FOR THE BENEFIT OF MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV, NEAR DELHI: A STRONG MAN LIES ON A BED OF NAILS, WHILE A GROUP OF MEN STAND ON HIS CHEST.



THE RUSSIAN LEADERS IN AFGHANISTAN: MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT) AND MARSHAL BULGANIN INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR (IN GERMAN-STYLE UNIFORMS) AT KABUL.

After a tour of Burma, marked by a series of crass speeches mainly on "colonialism," Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev left Rangoon for India on December 7. Before leaving they offered to construct and equip a technological institute in Rangoon. On December 9 they arrived at Srinagar for a two-day visit to Kashmir; and while there are reported to have referred to Kashmir as "part of India"—a statement which Mr. Mohammed Ali, Prime Minister of Pakistan, has referred to as extraordinary. After this visit they returned to Delhi for final talks with Mr. Nehru. A joint communiqué was issued on December 13, calling for every effort to relax international tension. On the same day Mr. Khrushchev said that



SIGNING A PACT CALLING FOR A GENERAL BAN ON THE PRODUCTION AND USE OF ATOMIC WEAPONS, AT RANGOON: MARSHAL BULGANIN (LEFT) AND (RIGHT) THE BURMESE PREMIER, U NU, WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF BOTH COUNTRIES.



THE INDIAN STRONG MAN, GURU DEV (SHOWN ALSO IN THE PICTURE LEFT), SHOWS MARSHAL BULGANIN (LEFT) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV HOW HE CAN CONTROL HIS PULSE RATE. A LORRY HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN DRIVEN OVER HIM.



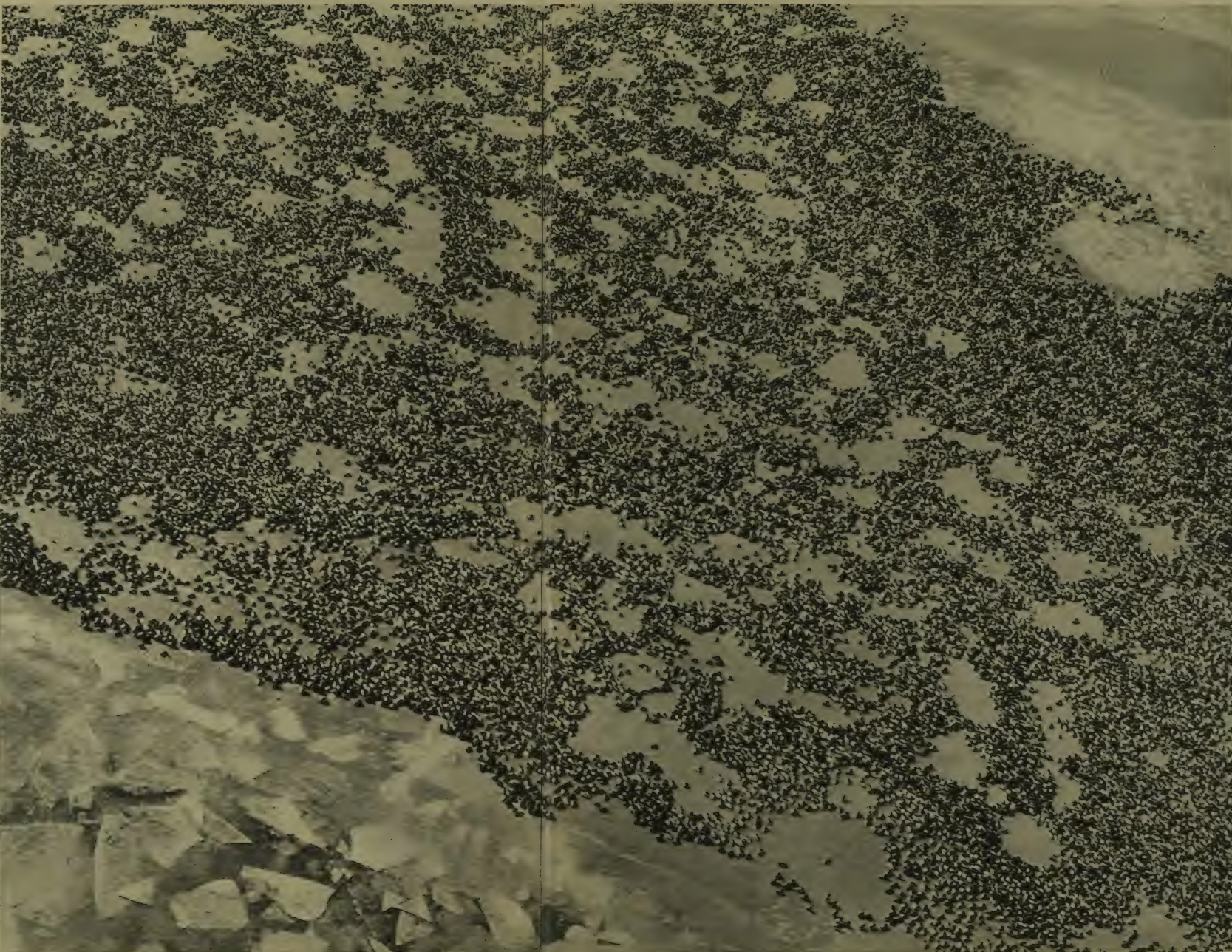
IN THE LAST STAGE OF THEIR ASIAN TOUR: MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT) AND MARSHAL BULGANIN EXAMINING A WOODEN EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN THE KABUL MUSEUM.

Portugal enslaved Goa by force, violence and fraud, and added: "Goa does not belong to Portugal, and it will have to go to the people to whom it belongs." After leaving India they were unable to proceed direct to Afghanistan, but after landing at Stalinabad, in Russia, flew on December 14 to Kabul. During their visit to Afghanistan they expressed sympathy with the Afghan case in the Pakhunistan issue and offered the Government the equipment for a 100-bed hospital. On December 19 the two Russian leaders returned to their country and were welcomed at Tashkent and finally returned to Moscow on December 21, where they repeated some now-familiar remarks on "colonialism."

HUDDLED TOGETHER
LIKE A BANK
HOLIDAY CROWD AT
A POPULAR RESORT :

HUNDREDS OF
THOUSANDS OF
DUCKS CLUSTERED
BETWEEN PATCHES
OF ICE AT A WILD
FOWL SANCTUARY
NEAR MOUND CITY,
MISSOURI.

THIS is the time of year when turkeys, ducks, chickens and their kith and kin find themselves, albeit unwillingly, as much in the news as snow, shopping days and Santa Claus. Ducks and chickens have also found their way into our lives as terms of endearment, but not so the turkey, whose appeal is solely to the inner man. If a turkey's nightmare is chestnut stuffing, and a chicken's is bread-sauce, no doubt a duck turns pale at the thought of green peas at any time of the year. But for every farmyard duck which found its way onto a dining-room table this Christmas many hundreds of thousands of its wilder brethren were facing problems of a different nature. While the countless host of mallards, black and pintail ducks in this photograph may appear to resemble an August Bank Holiday crowd at a popular resort, they are, in fact, engaged in the colder and more serious pursuit of preventing the water from freezing solid. This photograph was taken at Squaw Creek National Wild Life Refuge, which adjoins the Big Lake State Park, some nine miles from Mound City, in Missouri. This Federal Migratory Wild Fowl Sanctuary was established in 1935 and comprises some 5000 acres of waterway, which extend four miles northwards. The quarter-mile width of the lake, which is often covered with ducks in the autumn and early winter, is punctuated with innumerable islets.



PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A NOTED INTERNATIONAL LAWYER DIES: PROFESSOR J. L. BRIERLY. Professor J. L. Brierly, Emeritus Professor of International Law at Oxford University, died at his home in Oxford on December 20, aged seventy-four. After a short period as Professor of Law at Manchester University he went to All Souls, Oxford, at which University he held the Chichele Chair of International Law from 1922 to 1947.



THE LONDON VISIT OF MALTA'S PREMIER: MR. DOM MINTOFF. Mr. Dom Mintoff, the Prime Minister of Malta, arrived in London on December 17 for talks with the Colonial Secretary. They discussed urgent financial measures relating to Malta and the referendum by which the people of Malta will express their view of Mr. Mintoff's plan for political integration with the U.K.



A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER DIES: GENERAL SIR MOSLEY MAYNE. General Sir Mosley Mayne, who died on December 17, at the age of sixty-six, entered the Army in 1908 via Wellington College and Sandhurst. His long and distinguished record included service in two world wars, in the latter of which he was G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command, India, during the Burma campaign.



THE NEW PUBLIC TRUSTEE: MR. R. P. BAULKWILL. Mr. Reginald P. Baulkwill, who has been Assistant Public Trustee since 1952, will take up his appointment as Public Trustee to-morrow, on the retirement of Sir Wyndham Hirst. Mr. Baulkwill, who is sixty, qualified as a solicitor in 1918. He has previously been a Chief Administrative Officer at the Public Trustee Office.



RETIRED PRESIDENT OF LORD'S TAVERNERS: MAJOR A. HUSKISSON. Major A. Huskisson has recently finished his term as President of the Lord's Taverners. Major Huskisson, who is the Managing Director of Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd., has made a great personal effort to increase the Taverners' donations to the National Playing Fields Association, and at a luncheon on December 12 a cheque for £6000 was presented to Lord Luke.



AT THE OPENING OF MERCURY HOUSE: LORD REITH (RIGHT) AND SIR LESLIE NICHOLLS. Mercury House, in Theobalds Road, the new headquarters of Cable and Wireless, Ltd., was formally opened on Dec. 20 by Lord Reith, Chairman of the Colonial Development Corporation. He is shown here receiving a silver tray from Sir Leslie Nicholls, who is the chairman of Cable and Wireless, which, together with its associate companies, is the world's largest oversea telegraphic undertaking.



THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT MONTEVIDEO: SIR KEITH JOPSON (CENTRE) BEFORE THE MONUMENT OF GENERAL ARTIGAS, ON WHICH HE HAD LAID A WREATH. On December 12 Sir Keith Jopson, the new British Ambassador to Uruguay, presented his credentials to the President of the National Government Council. He later laid a wreath on the monument to the national hero, General Artigas. Sir Keith Jopson, who is fifty-seven, entered the Foreign Service in 1920, and has held several previous appointments in South America. He was Ambassador to the Republic of Colombia.



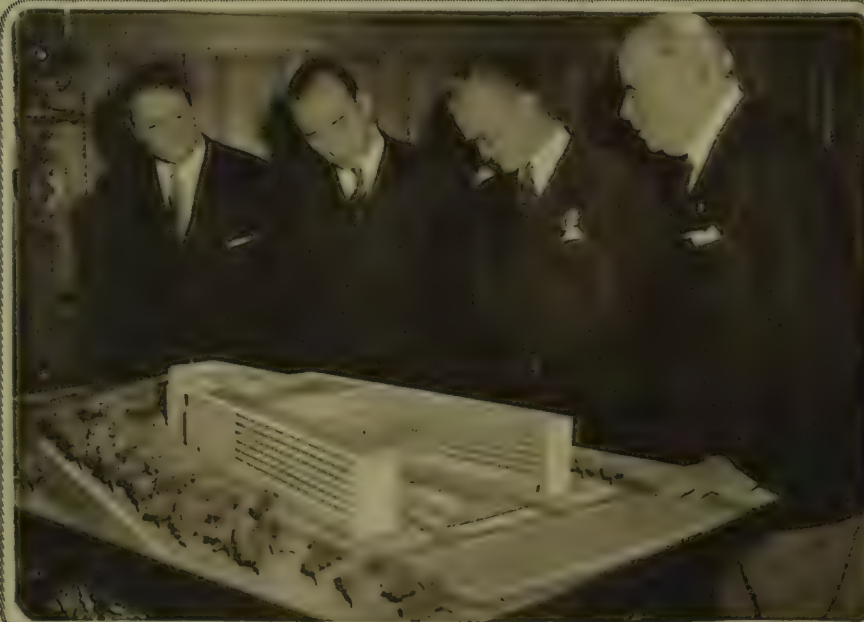
VOTING AT THE SAARLAND ELECTIONS: THE CARETAKER PRIME MINISTER, HERR WELSCH. On December 18 the Saarlanders went to the polls, for the second time in recent months, to elect a new Parliament. After a quiet poll the pro-German Christian Democratic Union gained a narrow lead over the Saar Democratic Party. Herr Heinrich Welsch, who has led the caretaker Government, which was formed in October, is shown recording his vote.



AN OUTSTANDING W.R.A.C. CADET: JUNIOR UNDER-OFFICER B. BOWEN. On December 16 Junior Under-Officer Beryl Bowen received from Major-General A. D. Campbell a certificate of merit for the best cadet at the passing-out parade of W.R.A.C. officer cadets at the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction, near Hindhead, Surrey. Miss Bowen is also wearing the ceremonial sash for the most outstanding leader.



THE NEW ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE: DR. AND SEÑORA ALBERTO CANDIOTTI. The new Argentine Ambassador and his wife arrived in London on December 20. Dr. Alberto M. Candiotti was an active opponent of the Peron Government and served several terms of imprisonment for his political activities with the Radical Party. He has had a long career as a diplomatist.



ADMIRING THE MODEL FOR THE NEW N.A.T.O. PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS TO BE ERECTED IN PARIS: LORD ISMAY (RIGHT), SECRETARY-GENERAL OF N.A.T.O., WITH FRENCH OFFICIALS. On December 20 the documents were signed at the Hotel de Ville by which N.A.T.O. took over possession of the land near the Bois de Boulogne, where its permanent headquarters are to be built. Lord Ismay, the Secretary-General of N.A.T.O., is seen here studying the model for the new building, which is expected to cost about £2,000,000. With him are French officials who were present at the ceremony. Since 1952 N.A.T.O. has been housed in temporary premises in Paris.



IN LONDON FOR A CHRISTMAS-TREE CEREMONY: THE MAYOR OF OSLO AND HIS WIFE (RIGHT) BEING GREETED BY THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF WESTMINSTER. The Mayor of Oslo, Mr. Brynjulf Bull, and his wife arrived in London on December 18 for the presentation of the Christmas-tree in Trafalgar Square from the city of Oslo to the people of London. They were met by the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, and on the following day were entertained by the Westminster City Councillors at a dinner, at which Mr. Bull was guest of honour. On December 20 the Mayor of Oslo switched on the lights on the 55-ft. spruce, watched by a crowd of appreciative Londoners.



THE CITY HALL OF THE NEW CAPITAL OF WALES. IT WAS BY A MAJORITY VIEW OF THE WELSH PEOPLE THAT CARDIFF WAS CHOSEN IN PREFERENCE TO MORE ANCIENT CITIES.



PROCLAIMING A NEW CAPITAL: THE TOWN CLERK OF CARDIFF, MR. S. TAPPER-JONES, READING THE PROCLAMATION OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL. IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HIM IS THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMAN FRANK CHAPMAN, ON WHOSE RIGHT IS MAJOR C. TRAHERNE, LORD LIEUTENANT OF GLAMORGAN. ON EXTREME LEFT IS MR. DAVID LLEWELLYN, M.P.

THE NEWLY-CHOSEN CAPITAL OF WALES: SCENES AT CARDIFF FOLLOWING A GOVERNMENT DECISION.

The vexed question of which town should be the capital of Wales has at last been settled. No formal measures are necessary to give effect to the decision, which was announced by the Home Secretary, Major Lloyd-George, in a Parliamentary written reply on December 20. It is understood that the recognition of Cardiff as the capital city was promulgated after the most intensive inquiries

into the views of the Welsh people on this vital topic. In a ceremony outside the City Hall, Cardiff, the Town Clerk, Mr. S. Tapper-Jones, read a copy of the proclamation. It was received enthusiastically by the citizens of Cardiff, and it is hoped that more ancient Welsh cities, such as that of Caernarvon, will accept their new capital with the grace so final a step seems to deserve.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN the latest issue of the "Journal" of the Royal Horticultural Society, December 1955, seven hardy plants are recorded as having received the Society's distin-

guished and very significant Award of Garden Merit. This Award of Garden Merit is not to be confused with the ordinary Award of Merit. The Award of Merit might perhaps be described, quite crudely, as reflecting the first reactions, of the relevant committee—floral, orchid, narcissus, joint Alpine, or what not—to a plant which has been brought before them and which they consider has real merit, or which is superior to similar species or varieties which have gone before. Or the award may go to a plant after "trial at Wisley." The much higher First Class Certificate reflects the reactions of the committee concerned, when a plant comes before them which is so outstandingly, so triumphantly superior that it, so to speak, knocks them for six. The Award of Garden Merit is awarded by a special committee of distinguished plantmen to plants of exceptional beauty, which, at the same time, have proved themselves, among other things, to be absolutely reliably "growable."

As might be expected, a miscarriage of justice—in favour of the plant—does occur now and then in giving Awards of Merit, and even First Class Certificates, to new plants. I remember a most beautiful St. John's Wort, *Hypericum laeve rubrum*, receiving a First Class Certificate in 1914. It was a wiry sub-shrub with rich, orange-coloured flowers. A well-grown pot specimen. I bought that plant. Paid rather a long price for it. It was dead within a week, and little or nothing was ever heard of that lovely species afterwards. Apparently it was practically ungrowable. Perhaps it was a tender monocarpic fusspot. Years ago, somewhere in the nineteen-twenties it must have been, I had a flowering specimen, in a thimble-pot, of an albino form of *Primula scotica*, which I put up before the R.H.S. Floral Committee. Greatly to my astonishment they gave it an Award of Merit. I had merely put it before the committee for the interest of the occurrence of a white form of this minute and rare species. Within a year the plant died, childless. Not a seed was set. I felt that that award was an error of judgment, and that is perhaps why the award is not recorded in the R.H.S. "Index of the Journal and List of Awards." But the official card which went with the award remained for many years in the office at Six Hills Nursery, nailed to a cupboard door, together with a photograph of the absurd wee plant. The whole thing, pot and plant, stood less than 2 ins. high. I see, however, that in 1865 the firm of Backhouse received a First Class Certificate for a white-flowered bird's-eye primrose, *Primula farinosa alba*. But the standard for such awards was very different in those days.

I am glad to see that the old Madonna Lily, *Lilium candidum*, is among the plants to receive the Award of Garden Merit this year. I am particularly interested, because in 1934 the late Dr. Fred Stoker put a well-grown specimen of this lily before the R.H.S. Floral Committee. I happened to be sitting on the committee that day, and at once proposed a First Class Certificate. For a moment a sort of titter went round the room, inaudible, but quite definitely to be felt. It was as though someone had proposed a knighthood for the late Mr. William Shakespeare. *Lilium candidum*, the best of all garden lilies, I pointed out, had been in English gardens for all time, and yet it had never

AWARD OF GARDEN MERIT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

received an award or any other recognition from the R.H.S. To my delight, and, I think, to everybody's surprise, the First Class Certificate was awarded. And now it has been given the Award of Garden Merit. Excellent! Another uncommonly good plant, the Hidcote form of *Hypericum patulum*, a relative newcomer, has also received the Award of Garden Merit. This surely is one of the most valuable of all medium-sized shrubs. A reliably hardy evergreen, growing to

4 or 5 ft. or a trifle more, it flowers profusely from June till November. The blossoms, like golden single roses over 2 ins. across, are of great substance. There seems to be some doubt as to the origin of this grand shrub, and it has been suggested that Major Lawrence Johnston collected the seeds in a garden in Kenya. But he did a collecting expedition in Yunnan with Purdom, and it is surely more probable that he collected the seed there. A worthy companion for the superb *Mahonia lomariifolia*, which he also collected on that expedition.

In this December number of the R.H.S. "Journal" there is an extremely good colour plate of the Hidcote *Hypericum patulum*, from a painting by Paul Jones; an artist whose name is new to me, but of whose work I sincerely hope to see a great deal more in the future, for this painting of the *Hypericum*, and another in the same volume of Camellia "Donation" are the best portrait flower paintings that I have seen for a very long time.

Placed fairly and squarely upon the paper, without any sign of striving after "artistic" effect, they combine complete simplicity and masterly drawing with that wonderfully convincing sense of likeness, which distinguishes the best work of the period of Andrews, Maund, and the earlier volumes of the "Botanical Magazine." Looking back to certain volumes of the R.H.S. "Journal" of recent years, one—to quote unpublished Belloc—"with a spasm of regret recalls" certain dreary reproductions of un-beautiful colour photographs, which have always seemed to me to be wholly unworthy of our great Society. Let us hope, therefore, for more and many more illustrations from drawings by Paul Jones and others of his calibre.

I take it that the numbers accompanying the names of the seven Award of Garden Merit plants, described in this current number of the R.H.S. "Journal"—426 to 432—indicate that that number of plants have been awarded the distinction since the A.G.M. was first instituted. There is, I believe, a fairly up-to-date published list, with descriptions, of A.G.M. plants. But I seem to remember that this pamphlet is not illustrated in any way. I may be wrong, but that is my impression. What a splendid and valuable book it would make if the R.H.S. would publish a complete collection of their Award of Garden Merit plants, with full description, cultural and historical notes on each plant, and a colour illustration of each, as good as these of Camellia "Donation" and *Hypericum patulum* "Hidcote." Doubtless, such a book would be expensive to produce and expensive to buy. Who cares? Hundreds wouldn't. Possibly thousands. A few thousands anyway. And each volume of such a luxury-necessity book need not be too big. It might eventually run to several volumes. In fact, it most certainly would have to.

A start might be made with a reasonably limited number of A.G.M. plants—the first to be honoured. Enough to make a reasonably substantial book, at a price which would not kill sales at sight, and which would make folk look forward to the next volume with pleasant anticipation, and without fears. Surely the plants which have been chosen for the very high distinction of the Award of Garden Merit, deserve to be recorded in some such permanent book form as I have suggested, with descriptions and full practical cultural suggestions, and colour illustrations as good as those of Mr. Paul Jones in the current "Journal." They could scarcely be better.



ONE OF THE TWO "BEST PORTRAIT FLOWER PAINTINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN FOR A VERY LONG TIME": *HYPERICUM PATULUM* "HIDCOTE," A BLACK-AND-WHITE REPRODUCTION FROM A COLOUR PAINTING BY PAUL JONES, MADE FOR THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY "JOURNAL."

Reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Horticultural Society and the artist.

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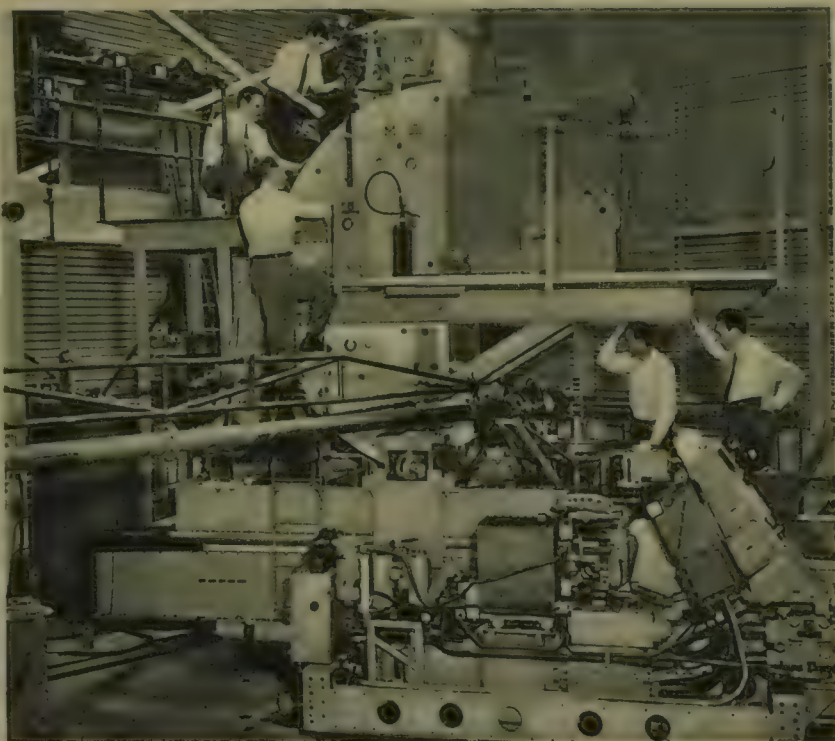
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FROM HERE AND THERE: A TAME OYSTER-CATCHER; SOVIET NEW YEAR CARDS, AND OTHER ITEMS.



(LEFT.) AFTER PICKING UP A TRAILER VAN, THE LARGEST OBJECT EVER HANDLED BY A HELICOPTER: THE U.S. XH-17 TWIN-JET POWERED CARGO-CARRYING HELICOPTER DURING TESTS AT CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA.



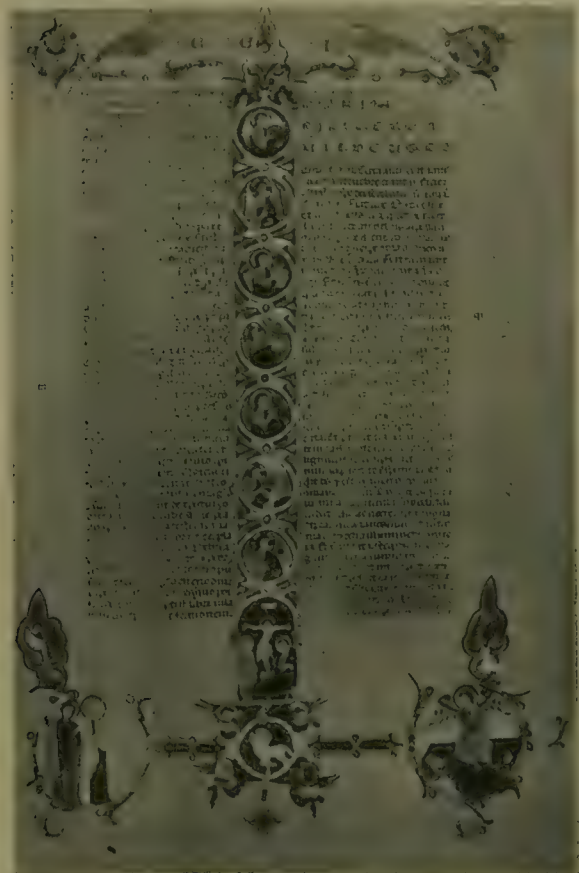
(RIGHT.) AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY, IN CALIFORNIA: SCIENTISTS MAKING FINAL ADJUSTMENTS TO THE 55-TON "EYE-PIECE" OF THEIR RECENTLY COMPLETED NUCLEAR MICROSCOPE BUILT FOR THE EXAMINATION OF PARTICLES WITHIN AN ATOM'S NUCLEUS.



A SIGHT WITH WHICH LONDONERS MAY BECOME FAMILIAR IN THE NEW YEAR: THE PROTOTYPE OF A "NEW LOOK" LONDON TAXI WHICH HAS BENCH-TYPE SEATS, AND A GIANT LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT. THIS *BIRCH* TAXI IS SOON TO GO INTO EXPERIMENTAL SERVICE.



AN UNUSUAL PET: A TAME OYSTER-CATCHER IN THE OFFICE OF BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDARS CABLES LTD., IN LERWICK, IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS. The oyster-catcher is one of the most timid of sea birds, but *Charlie*, who is the pet of the Lerwick office staff of British Insulated Callendars Cables Ltd., is an exception. Early in November one of the company's drivers found the bird in a distressed state on the foreshore near the office and brought him in. The office staff cleaned the oil off his wings and fed him. Now *Charlie* is completely at home and shows no inclination to return to his former life, although he sometimes takes a short flight.



SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON DECEMBER 19 FOR THE UNEXPECTEDLY HIGH PRICE OF £6600: A FINE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BOLOGNESE BIBLE. A recent sale at Sotheby's auction rooms included a Latin Bible, which was being sold by order of the Provost and Fellows of Denstone College, Staffs, to provide funds for the renovation of the organ in the School Chapel. This magnificent illuminated manuscript was written in Bologna in the thirteenth century.



MARKING THE OFFICIAL OPENING ON DECEMBER 15 OF THE TAPPAN ZEE BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER HUDSON AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK: A FLOOD OF CARS USING THE NEW BRIDGE, WHICH PROVIDES PART OF A MODERN HIGHWAY BETWEEN NEW YORK CITY AND BUFFALO.



BEARING THE WORDS "TO THE NEW YEAR": NEW YEAR CARDS ISSUED BY THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT. The Soviet Government have issued eight New Year cards, four of which are shown here. (Top left) the small boy, symbolising the New Year, carries a banner bearing the legend "Peace and Happiness." (Bottom right) a telegraph girl brings greetings to a Russian home.



WINE-TASTERS, tea-tasters and other such eminent persons acquire their uncanny skill—apart from the exercise of prayer and fasting—by rolling the liquid round their tongues and going broody over the resulting sensation. I, too, would like, in however modest a manner, to join this select company, but am not likely to secure admission as long as I continue to smoke, so I cultivate a less noble type of sensibility by rolling sentences like the following round my tongue on the rare occasions they come my way. These, from the pen of Mr. J. I. M. Stewart, appear in his last novel, "The Guardians," and, I think, are notably and wittily astringent in the manner of Henry James:

An ordinary modern taste would have pronounced the effect crowded and it was possible that some extraordinary ones, privileged to exercise habitually a high connoisseurship in opulent places, would be disposed to murmur that here, after all, there wasn't anything so very much; that it was a collection for those middling sort of people, genuinely endowed with some capacity for discrimination, who are constrained to excite themselves over obscure marks on the underside of old plates.

Whether you and I can class ourselves as among those "privileged to exercise habitually a high connoisseurship in opulent places" or are merely among the also-rans, dithering about obscure marks, is beside the point—there we are, neatly pinned down on a piece of paper as if we were beetles or butterflies, and, I trust, laughing heartily at ourselves. I wonder where exactly I should appear in Mr. Stewart's catalogue, with my disconcerting habit, when dining or lunching out, of turning up plate or saucer to glance at the mark, if any: probably in the lowest and most degraded category of all, that labelled "Ill-Mannered" or "*Homo curiosus et barbarus*." However, marks are not wholly without interest even to those accustomed to opulence, and there was much turning-over of plates and vases when the Vincennes and Sèvres pieces (which are illustrated on this page), together with many others of equal quality (the majority from Sir Chester Beatty's collection) appeared in a recent sale at Sotheby's.

Late Sèvres is common enough and deliberate imitations of the early are legion

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. VINCENNES AND SEVRES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of intriguing pieces which are doubly dangerous because they are not honest fakes, as it were, but half-forgeries. Here is a near approximation to the marks of the crossed Ls used between about 1745 and 1793 at both Vincennes and Sèvres. Fig. 1. The B in the centre is a date letter. The series began in 1753 with A. Z indicates 1777, and after that double A, double B, and so on continue the series until 1793.

After that, from 1793 to 1801, the mark is ^{LF} Sèvres without any date letter, and from 1801 various signs were used, too complicated to note here. I find that beginners are often puzzled by the apparent confusion between Vincennes and Sèvres, and indeed the early history of the manufacture of porcelain in France is somewhat obscure, but the main point is simple enough. Vincennes, which is generally thought to have begun operations in 1738 with the aid of runaway workmen from Chantilly, was shut down and the factory was moved to Sèvres (between the city and Versailles). This move was completed in 1756. Madame de Pompadour had a finger in the pie—she invariably had fingers in pies of this sort—and had every

is but the continuation in another place from 1756 onwards of the porcelain manufacture begun at Vincennes. It would give a false impression to say that the style of the one differed from that of the other; it is merely that the style in favour in, say, 1750 was not that of 1760. Perhaps Figs. 3 and 4 show the difference with reasonable clarity. Fig. 4 is glazed, Fig. 3 is "biscuit"—i.e., unglazed—and this "biscuit" porcelain seems to have become fashionable about 1753, though glazing on figures was used occasionally after that.

The model of the huntsman with his hound and the dead hare of Fig. 4 was noted in the Sales Ledger of 1753 (the year when the move to Sèvres was first mooted) and the flowing lines of the figure are in marked contrast to the drier, tighter but endearingly charming composition of each of the two children of Fig. 3; they are referred to sometimes as the "*Garde à Vous*" pair, or simply as Cupid and Psyche. They are from models by the sculptor Falconet, who was appointed to the factory in 1757 and remained there until he went to Russia in 1766. The more fanatical enthusiasts maintain that porcelain—especially early soft paste porcelain—is endowed with a special magic of its own which derives partly from the play of light upon the glaze. Therefore, say they, it was a mistake ever to have introduced "biscuit," which makes you think of miniature sculpture, not of porcelain. Moreover, they insist that sculptors should deal with marble or bronze and not muscle-in to porcelain factories which demand special aptitudes. My answer to that is if you're a Falconet you have my permission to muscle-in anywhere you like; if you're a third-rater, please keep out, for it is true enough that some of the later Sèvres biscuit figures are excessively banal. The Cupid was modelled in 1758, the Psyche in 1761, and similar pairs can be seen in the Wallace Collection and at the Victoria and Albert Museum (Jones Collection). Other justly famous biscuit groups by Falconet, easily accessible, are Pygmalion and Galatea, "*Le Sabot Cassé*," and "*Le Baiser Donné*" (British Museum) and Leda and the Swan (V. and A.)—all equally enchanting.

As to the more useful wares—if one can apply that adjective to anything so rare and precious as tableware from the Vincennes factory—

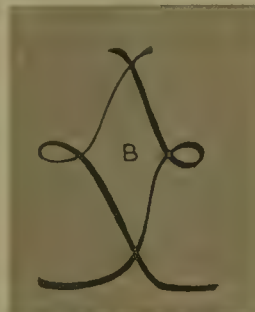


FIG. 1. THE CROSSED LS MARK USED AT BOTH VINCENNES AND SEVRES, BETWEEN ABOUT 1745 AND 1793. THE B IN THE CENTRE IS A DATE LETTER.



FIG. 2. TWO PIECES OF VINCENNES PORCELAIN FROM SIR CHESTER BEATTY'S COLLECTION, WHICH WERE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON NOVEMBER 15. BOTH PIECES BEAR THE CROSSED LS MARK AND HAVE A DEEP BLUE (*GROS BLEU*) GROUND. THESE WERE MADE BEFORE 1756, WHEN THE FACTORY MOVED TO SEVRES.



FIG. 3. FROM THE COLLECTION OF SIR CHESTER BEATTY: A PAIR OF FAMOUS SEVRES BISCUIT FIGURES OF CUPID AND PSYCHE, WHICH WERE MADE AFTER MODELS BY THE SCULPTOR FALCONET. SIMILAR PIECES ARE IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION AND THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



FIG. 4. RECENTLY SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S: A VINCENNES GLAZED WHITE FIGURE OF A RECLINING HUNTSMAN (*LE CHASSEUR DE LIÈVRE*). MR. DAVIS DISCUSSES THESE PIECES AND OTHER FACTS ABOUT VINCENNES AND SEVRES PORCELAIN IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

because soon after the Revolution and also during the Empire great quantities of faulty pieces, not considered suitable for decoration at the time they were made but not destroyed, were sold by the factory and subsequently decorated by clever enamellers both in Paris and London, who were not above adding spurious date-marks and painters' marks. The result is a number

possible qualification for the direction of this and all other artistic enterprises, except that she had not the slightest clue to the value of money—not the least glimmer of comprehension; but of all the mistresses of Louis XV., she was by far the most intelligent, the most perceptive, the most sensitive to the arts. For all practical purposes, then, Sèvres

perhaps Fig. 2 can provide some indication of its grace. Against a deep blue ground—not a dead blue, but an uneven, almost a throbbing blue—are white spaces in which are birds painted in gilt amid gilt flower borders. The description is ordinary enough; the form, the colour, the drawing, are not.



AT THE OPENING OF A NEW BISCUIT FACTORY IN HUYTON, NEAR LIVERPOOL: LORD DERBY (RIGHT) LEANING FORWARD TO SEE HOW CHOCOLATE BISCUITS ARE "ENROBED" IN CHOCOLATE. On Monday, December 12, Lord Derby opened the new biscuit factory of Huntley and Palmers at Huyton, Liverpool, containing six of the most modern automatic biscuit plants. (L. to r.) Mr. R. H. R. Palmer (chairman), Mr. J. R. Gales (managing director) and Lord Derby.



SUDAN DECLARES FOR INDEPENDENCE: MR. MUBARRAK ZARROUG (STANDING) SUPPORTING THE MOTION IN FAVOUR OF INDEPENDENCE IN THE SUDAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. On December 19 the Sudan House of Representatives voted unanimously for a declaration that "in the name of the Sudanese people, Sudan is to become a fully independent sovereign State," and requested the Governor-General to ask the two Condominium Powers to recognise the declaration. This approval was given.



A "WORLD CLOCK" INCORPORATING A CALENDAR FOR 570,000 YEARS: KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK EXAMINES JENS OLSEN'S CLOCK, AFTER STARTING IT ON DECEMBER 15. This great clock, called Denmark's Eighth Wonder of the World, was designed by Jens Olsen, who died before it was completed. It shows various times and dates, and, it is claimed, will lose only a second in 1000 years. It was completed by Otto Mortensen (centre).

ROYAL OCCASIONS ABROAD, A TRAIN CRASH, AND NEWS FROM HOME AND OVERSEAS.



THE BELGIAN COMMANDER OF AN R.A.F. SQUADRON, MAJOR KAISIN (CENTRE), GREETING A U.S. OFFICER, CAPTAIN C. G. GILLESPIE, ALSO SERVING IN THE SAME SQUADRON. On December 22 it was announced, under the exchange scheme, that a Belgian Air Force officer, Major J. E. H. Kaisin, had been appointed to command No. 56 Squadron, R.A.F.—the first Belgian officer appointed to such a command. Extreme right, Squadron-Leader G. J. Storey, R.A.F.



THE WRECK OF THE "BEET SPECIAL": A VIEW OF THE SUIR RIVER VIADUCT, SHOWING THE WRECKAGE OF THE TRAIN. THE DRIVER AND FIREMAN WERE BOTH KILLED. In the early hours of December 21 a train carrying sugar-beet and known as the "Beet Special" crashed over a viaduct and fell 40 ft. into the River Suir, at Cahir, Co. Tipperary, Ireland. The train of thirty-two wagons, running from Waterford to Thurles, ran through the buffers in a siding and the engine and twenty-two carriages plunged into the river. Both the driver and the fireman were killed. The bridge and the permanent way were damaged.



A FAMILIAR CHRISTMAS TASK IN A ROYAL HOME: THE GRANDCHILDREN OF THE KING OF SWEDEN WRAPPING UP CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND SEALING THEM WITH WAX. We show here three of the grandchildren of King Gustaf VI. Adolf of Sweden: (l. to r.) Princess Christina, who is twelve years old; her sister, Princess Margaretha, who is twenty-one; and their brother, the heir apparent, Prince Carl Gustaf, who is nine.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT is not true that "it never rains but it pours," but it does happen sometimes, and round about this Christmas-time it rained zebras. Fortunately they were in the form of pictures and photographs, on postcards and Christmas cards. They were all different yet all were recognisable as zebras, and that, of course, is precisely the position in nature. We customarily speak of *the* zebra or *the* zebras, as if there were only one kind or as if all zebras ran to one pattern, which is far from the truth. At all events, this cascade of zebras in picture form reminded me of a promise made some time ago to try to clear up the question of Burchell's zebra.

In my book "Living Fossils," published several years ago, I had stated that Burchell's zebra is extinct. If you go to Whipsnade Zoo, however, you will see zebras categorically labelled "Burchell's zebra," suggesting that the Zoological Society of London does not wholly accept my view. The same may be said for various writers on African big game. The truth is we are all correct, it is merely a matter of a confusion of names, which I will deal with shortly. In the meanwhile, and because it helps to sort out this confusion, a few words should be said about the differences in the patterns of zebras generally.

The best way to see this is not on the living animals. They can only be seen in herds, the members of which, if they tolerate you near them, are apt to move about, however slightly, increasing the natural dazzle of their stripes. Or else we can see the animals singly, or in small groups, in a zoo, which is not much use for our present purpose. The best method is to examine a collection of skins as I was privileged to do in the British Museum (Natural History) a short while ago. Laying out large skins of this kind is, of course, a considerable labour and is only a second-best substitute for a widespread knowledge of the animals themselves in the field. It did give, nevertheless, a very fair idea of how much the pattern of the stripes varies from individual to individual, within the same species. This is summed up in a diagrammatic page of pictures published in the "Journal of Mammalogy" (1936, page 89), by A. Cabrera. This series of drawings brings out strikingly the manner in which the stripes vary in the common zebra as we pass

A DAZZLE OF ZEBRAS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

and South-West Africa, and is the one for which numerous races have been recognised. A distinguishing feature is the shadow striping, i.e. it may have pale reddish-brown stripes alternating with the dark stripes.

The third species, the Cape or Mountain zebra, survives to-day on one or two farms only. There is, however, a related animal, Hartmann's mountain zebra (*Equus zebra hartmanni*), still existing in South-West Africa. The distinguishing features of the mountain zebra are the dewlap and the gridiron pattern on the hind quarters, where short, dark stripes are set at right-angles to the dark line running down the middle of the back.

The next author to be quoted is G. M. Allen who, in Harper's "Mammals of the Old World" (1945), a work dealing only with rare animals, reserved the

quagga as a separate species and he considered the true Burchell's zebra, which was believed by former authors to be extinct, to be represented by another race, *E. burchelli antiquorum*, which still exists. Allen, on the other hand, had regarded *antiquorum* as a race distinct from what he considered Burchell's zebra (i.e., *E. burchelli burchelli*). Roberts also listed races from Zululand and Eastern Transvaal to Portuguese East Africa (*E. burchelli wahlbergi*), from Northern Transvaal (*E. burchelli transvaalensis*), the zebra familiar in the Kruger National Park, from Southern Rhodesia (*E. burchelli selousi*), and from Bechuanaland to South-West Africa (*E. burchelli chapmanni*). He has nothing to say about Grévy's zebra because that is outside the territory with which he was dealing.

The latest work, by Ellerman, Morrison-Scott and Hayman, "Southern African Mammals" (1953), deals also with the Rhodesias, Nyasaland and the Portuguese territories. In this work the extinct quagga is taken to be a distinct species, not only on the characters of its skull, but because while it co-existed with *Equus burchelli burchelli*, yet the two retained their identity. Unfortunately for my present purpose, this work also covers only part of the total range of the zebras, so it deals further with only the mountain zebra (or Bergquagga) and Burchell's zebra (or Bontequagga), not in the sense I had used it, but in the form used by Cabrera. The three authors recognise, for the territories with which they are dealing, *E. burchelli burchelli*, *E. burchelli antiquorum*, *E. burchelli selousi*, and *E. burchelli boehmi*, which they consider as including the races *wahlbergi*, *chapmanni* and *transvaalensis* of Roberts and extending over Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya, parts of the Sudan and Somaliland.

To sum up, then, when I spoke of Burchell's zebra as extinct I was following an earlier custom now set aside by up-to-date authorities. My only other comment is that a zebra's stripes are supposed to have the effect of dazzling would-be enemies. They seem also to dazzle effectively those seeking to classify the beasts. John William Burchell (1782-1863), English explorer and naturalist, could not have foreseen the controversy with which his name would later be associated.



THE LARGEST OF THE THREE ZEBRAS: GREVY'S ZEBRA, WHICH INHABITS NORTHERN KENYA, SOMALILAND AND EASTERN ABYSSINIA. ITS DISTINGUISHING MARKS ARE THE CLOSE-SET STRIPES AND THE BROAD DARK LINE ALONG THE BACK, BORDERED ON EACH SIDE WITH WHITE.

Photographs by Neave Parker.



DISTINGUISHED BY THE "GRIDIRON" (ARROWED) ON THE HIND QUARTERS AND BY THE DEWLAP: THE CAPE OR MOUNTAIN ZEBRA (*EQUUS ZEBRA*), WHICH IS NOW RARE AND SURVIVES TO-DAY ON ONE OR TWO FARMS ONLY.

from East Africa in the north to South and South-West Africa. It was this which caused a number of races to be named in the past and gave rise to the confusion in names to which reference was earlier made.

This author recognised three distinct species: Grévy's zebra (*Equus grevyi*), Burchell's zebra (*Equus burchelli*) and the Cape or Mountain zebra (*Equus zebra*). The first of these is the largest built and has the stripes more closely-set than the other two. It inhabits Northern Kenya, Somaliland and Eastern Abyssinia. Its distinguishing mark is the broad dark line along the back, separated on either side from the lateral stripes by a white line.

The second species, Burchell's zebra, is the commonest to-day and ranges from East Africa to South

name Burchell's zebra for a single race of *Equus burchelli*, namely *E. burchelli burchelli*. This is in line with former practice and was the one I had followed in my book. I was

influenced largely by a water-colour, of what was probably the last of this race, which used to hang in the North Hall of the Natural History Museum, in London. This I first remembered seeing well over thirty years ago, although I find it is no longer there.

Although Allen was writing nine years after Cabrera, it seems that more recent authors have followed the 1936 division of species. Austin Roberts, in "Mammals of South Africa" (1951), deals with those of the Union of South Africa. He recognises the extinct



THE COMMONEST ZEBRA: BURCHELL'S ZEBRA, WHICH HAS A DISTRIBUTION EXTENDING FROM EAST AFRICA TO SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST AFRICA. ITS OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTIC IS THE SHADOW STRIPING, BETWEEN THE MAIN STRIPES, WHICH MAY, HOWEVER, BE ABSENT. THE NAME, BURCHELL'S ZEBRA, WAS APPLIED IN A NARROWER SENSE, TO AN EXTINCT RACE OF THE SAME SPECIES. THIS HAS LED TO A CONFUSION, WHICH IS DISCUSSED BY DR. BURTON IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

It is also interesting to dip into the past and see what was said in 1805. "Zebras inhabit the scorching plains of Africa, their vast herds affording sometimes an agreeable relief to the eye of the wearied traveller. They assemble in the day on the extensive plains of the interior of the country, and by their beauty and liveliness adorn and animate the scene." And Thunberg, writing before that date, tells us that there were many zebras in the parts around the Cape of Good Hope and the penalty for shooting one was 56 dollars. Any zebra caught alive was, under orders, to be delivered to the Governor. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III. PAST AND PRESENT: COSTUMES FROM DAVID GARRICK TO SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER.



THE new film of Shakespeare's "Richard III.", of which Sir Laurence Olivier is star, producer and director, is the most recent in a long line of notable productions of this stirring play. Five earlier London productions of "Richard III." are at present illustrated in the theatrical section of the London Museum, in Kensington Palace.

[Continued below.]

(LEFT.) RICHARD III. IN "HOLBEIN" DRESS: AN ENGRAVING BY HOGARTH AND GRIGNION FROM HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF GARRICK IN THE TENT SCENE. THE PRINTS, STATUETTES AND COSTUMES ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE MAY BE SEEN AT THE LONDON MUSEUM.



THIS PRINT OF EDMUND KEAN AS RICHARD III. IS DECORATED WITH APPLIED SCRAPS OF SILK, VELVET AND TINSEL.



A DERBY PORCELAIN STATUETTE WHICH COMBINES THE ATTITUDE OF HAYMAN'S PORTRAIT OF GARRICK WITH THE FEATURES OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.



IN THE CURRENT LONDON FILMS PRODUCTION OF "RICHARD III.", WHICH HE IS ALSO PRODUCING AND DIRECTING: SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AS RICHARD III.



SHOWING THE CROWNED HELMET WHICH HE WORE INSTEAD OF THE TRADITIONAL PLUMED HAT: A WAX STATUETTE OF EDMUND KEAN AS RICHARD III.



WORN BY EDMUND KEAN WHEN PLAYING RICHARD III.: THE ORIGINAL COSTUME WHICH HAS BEEN LENT TO THE LONDON MUSEUM BY MR. RUSSELL THORNDIKE.



WORN BY HENRY IRVING WHEN PLAYING RICHARD III.: A COSTUME DESIGNED TO AVOID DISTRACTING ATTENTION FROM THE WEARER'S FACE AND HANDS.



DESIGNED TO GIVE AN EFFECT OF HEIGHT: THE COSTUME WORN IN THE PART BY SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY IN 1910 AND PRESENTED TO THE MUSEUM BY HIS FAMILY.

[Continued.]

Some of the exhibits from this interesting display are illustrated on this page. Hogarth's portrait of David Garrick shows the first appearance of the "Holbein" style of costume, which he is said to have introduced, and which was accepted as a regular stage convention for close on a century. Kemble adopted it almost unaltered, save for a lace falling collar in place of the Elizabethan ruff, and Edmund Kean abandoned the plumed Cavalier hat in favour of the crowned, ermine-bordered helmet. These three actors usually played by the light of

lamps and candles, and it was advisable for the decoration of the dresses to be as bold as possible, with a lavish use of metal spangles. By Irving's time the need for spangles had disappeared, and the Tudor doublet and cloak with armholes had given place to the short tunic and surcoat with hanging sleeves more closely derived from paintings and illuminations of the late fifteenth century. Martin-Harvey followed the Irving tradition, and as he was rather short his costumes were ingeniously designed to give an impression of height.

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF CHIOS REVEALED IN THE HARBOUR TOWN OF EMPORIO: THE FINAL STAGE OF A FOUR-YEAR EXCAVATION.

By JOHN BOARDMAN.

(In our issue of January 30, 1954, we published an account by Mr. M. S. F. Hood of the excavations conducted by the British School of Archaeology at Athens, at Emporio, in the island of Chios, with particular relation to the archaic citadel on the mountain spur overlooking the harbour; and in that of April 23, 1955, a reconstruction drawing of the ancient town and harbour, as seen from that citadel—which we reproduce again on this page.)

THIS year has seen the end of the British School at Athens' excavations at Emporio which were initiated by the present Director of the School, Mr. M. S. F. Hood, four years ago, and which have continued under his supervision and with the assistance of the writer. The harbour site in the south of the island of Chios, facing the coast of Turkey in the east, has in these seasons yielded to the spade evidence of occupation ranging from the Early Bronze Age in the Third Millennium B.C. to the Middle Ages, with surprisingly few interruptions in that long sequence. As the first excavation on any scale in the island, it has already contributed much to our knowledge of its history, while the particular interest of Emporio is that no literary record has preserved mention of its existence in antiquity, far less its name. The discovery of an archaic Greek town on the hill slopes north of the harbour has been reported in earlier issues of *The Illustrated London News*, and further exploration there this year has filled in more of its plan. Over fifty of its houses have now been plotted on the steep slopes beneath the walled acropolis which held the town's temple of Athena and palace, and the system of zigzag roads which linked acropolis, town and harbour has been made clearer. Recent work on the finds from the houses has also proved that they were abandoned far earlier than had been suspected—at the end of the seventh century B.C.—and the whole complex thus affords us a unique picture of an early archaic Greek town (Fig. 1). It clung to the steep, rocky slopes of the hill in much the manner of island villages of the present day, and modern parallels are not hard to find for the raised "benches" found at the back of many of the houses, which must have served the family for sleeping quarters. Other houses, like the palace in the acropolis above, were of the megaron type with columnar porch, inner columns to support the roof, and a central hearth.

This summer digging has concentrated rather on the area by the harbour in a search for the Greek remains of the period of the archaic town above, and whatever followed it. It was found that as soon as the town was occupied and its Athena sanctuary in use, another and probably richer sanctuary existed by the seashore. Of its temples nothing was found, but a series of four terrace walls was uncovered which had successively supported the platforms for this and later sanctuaries through the seventh and sixth centuries. Within the stone and earth fill of these terraces (Fig. 6) had been buried a rich sequence of the pottery and votives which had once adorned the lost temples, and which had been swept away for the new structures,

but not destroyed or disposed of far from the centre of worship. In the second of these terrace walls a flight of steps gave access to the platform above from the lower level beside the harbour, and it seems to preserve the line of an even earlier roadway; but there was otherwise no architectural feature to reveal the character of the buildings which must have stood there. A few fish-hooks and net-weights found in the lowest level give a clue to the nature of the earliest Greek occupation by the sea—fisher huts, dependent on the town and acropolis above.

It is, however, the votives here which are of greater interest and importance than the domestic remains. Each new terrace wall effectively sealed behind it a full selection of the objects which preceded its

objects which are so plentiful. The decorated vases (Figs. 3, 8, 10) found give for the first time a clear picture of local Chian vase painting in this period, and the other objects illustrate vividly both local and general East Greek taste, and the Oriental influence which was beginning to make itself felt in the Aegean world. Among them is the fragment of a fine ivory horseman carved in ivory and standing only 1½ ins. high (Fig. 9), ivory, faience and stone seals, and numerous bronze fibulae (Fig. 7), ear-rings and other ornaments. Clay figurines of two types were found, those with solid bodies and those whose bodies had been fashioned on the potter's wheel. The imports from overseas are few but significant; some from the other Greek states of the East Aegean, Corinthian pottery of the seventh century and Attic of the sixth, and small Egyptian antiquities (Fig. 4) which remind us of Ionian interest in the cornlands of Egypt, and the foundation of the trading city of Naucratis, in the Nile Delta, at the end of the seventh century—a venture in which Chios played a major part. From inscriptions scratched on some of the pottery it seems that Hera and Apollo were among the deities worshipped in the sanctuary.

The temples which once held these offerings were not, however, the last to stand beside the harbour at Emporio. During the excavation of an Early Christian basilica, which had been discovered in 1953 in a position immediately inland from the archaic terraces, the apse of the Christian building was found to abut on to the foundations of an earlier apsidal building. The basilica, too, was largely built of blocks robbed from this earlier Greek structure. Its date appears to be of the first half of the fifth century B.C., and it displays a number of architectural peculiarities which make it something of a freak among late archaic Greek temples. Its plan is apsidal, in itself an unusual feature at this late date. At its front once stood four Ionic columns of which two of the capitals have

been recovered. These were carved in blue-grey Chian marble with white marble inlays in the eyes of the volutes and for the palmettes beside the volutes. The shafts of the columns were fluted, and one of the bases which had been re-used in the basilica shows that these too were simple mouldings. In the Christian apse were found blocks from the pilasters (*antæ*) which formed the wall terminals behind the columnar façade. The *antæ* capitals, too, appeared in the same place, as well as one of the *antæ* bases, carved from Chian marble. The base is probably the strangest feature of the building as it takes the form of a gigantic lion's paw (Fig. 2), a motif commonly met on furniture or tripod legs, but which seems to have been employed for architectural purposes only in Chios. Chian, too, are the white marble mouldings of the same building or of monuments connected with it. These are distinguished by the elaborate carved patterns which the mason had superimposed on the canonical Greek egg and dart moulding. Within the foundations of the temple other curved blocks and mouldings attest the existence of a circular or apsidal temple which preceded that of the fifth century, and with this earlier monumental structure we may associate a statue base which records in the inscription cut on its face the dedication of a freed slave. Some mouldings from the earlier building seem unfinished, and it is tempting to assume that the Persian retaliations after the Ionic Revolt are responsible,

and that after the Persian Wars Chian prosperity led the men of Emporio to abandon earlier plans and construct the fine new marble building whose members have been described above. Of the dedications which



FIG. 1. EMPORIO IN THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: LOOKING DOWN ON THE HARBOUR FROM THE ARCHAIC CITADEL, WITH ITS ALTAR SMOKING BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF ATHENE. A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY ALAN SORRELL, REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 23, 1955.



FIG. 2. A PILASTER BASE IN THE FORM OF A LION'S PAW, ABOUT 18 INS. HIGH AND MADE OF BLUE-GREY MARBLE: AN ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE BELIEVED PECULIAR TO CHIOS. FOUND IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN BASILICA, BUT RE-USED FROM A FIFTH-CENTURY B.C. APSIDAL TEMPLE.

construction, and the three successive groups recovered from behind the seventh-century walls will afford invaluable evidence for the changes of style and taste, not only in pottery, but in the bronze fibulae and other

[Continued opposite page, top centre.]

THE ANIMAL ART OF ANCIENT CHIOS: VASE PAINTINGS AND OTHER FINDS FROM EMPORIO.

Continued from previous page.

accompanied these temples we know but little. Late sixth-century pottery from near-by pits may date from the period of the earlier of them. For the fifth century we have fragments of a life-size marble Apollo which might have stood in the new temple as a cult statue, but tantalising scraps preserving an ear, part of the hair, a shoulder, a fore-arm, can give little idea of the appearance of the complete original. It was beside the area later occupied by the archaic sanctuary, and on the rugged acropolis south of the harbour, that the Early Bronze Age settlement stood within the massive walls enclosing and securing access to its town well. Evidence of occupation in this area in the Mycenæan period has also become clearer in the past two seasons with finds of decorated pottery, a grave and various minor objects including a steatite mould for making butterfly ornaments similar to the

[Continued below.]



FIG. 3. FASHIONED IN THE FORM OF A BULL'S HEAD: THE UPPER PART OF A CHIAN JUG, FOUND BELOW THE TERRACE WALLS AT EMPORIO. FIG. 8 IS PART OF THE SAME JUG.



FIG. 4. A TINY AMULET IN FAIENCE, SHOWING A CAT, PROBABLY OF EGYPTIAN ORIGIN. CHIOS HAD CLOSE LINKS WITH THE NILE DELTA.



FIG. 5. A CURIOUS PERFUME VASE (EAST GREEK) IN THE FORM OF A WARRIOR'S HEAD—PERHAPS A GIFT FOR A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART, LIKE THE MODERN REGIMENTAL BROOCH IN DIAMONDS.



FIG. 6. A FLIGHT OF STEPS LEADING THROUGH A MID-SEVENTH-CENTURY TERRACE WALL. IT WAS BEHIND THIS WALL THAT MUCH POTTERY AND MANY VOTIVES WERE FOUND.



FIG. 7. A PAIR OF BRONZE HANDLES, PROBABLY FITTINGS OF METAL BELTS. THE TERMINALS OF THE UPPER HANDLE ARE ROUGHLY SHAPED LIKE LION'S HEADS.



FIG. 8. DOGS AND DOES—INTERSPERSED WITH SWASTIKAS AND OTHER FORMAL PATTERNS. PART OF THE JUG WHOSE UPPER PART IS SHOWN IN FIG. 3.



FIG. 9. AN ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF A TINY IVORY FIGURINE, SHOWING A HORSE AND RIDER. THIS MAY BE DATED TO THE LATER PART OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 10. THE FOX AND THE BULL: A LIVELY AND TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF CHIAN VASE PAINTING ON A BOWL OF THE LATE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. FOUND IN THE SITE SHOWN IN FIG. 6.

Continued.

golden ones found by Schliemann in the Shaft Graves at Mycenæ. For the other extreme of the site's history, in the sixth and seventh centuries A.D., the investigation of the fortified town which stood on the same acropolis by the harbour has been completed, the positions of its gate, towers and double wall line determined, and many of its shops and store-rooms cleared. The basilica church below suffered the same violent fate as the fortress, probably at the hands of the Arabs in the course of their drive towards Constantinople in the seventh century A.D. On the ashes of this Christian community later occupation arose and passed away, and the few houses by the harbour to-day give no hint of the rich sanctuaries that once stood there, or of the passage of peoples and trade which it once saw.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I WONDER very often what happened to that fat, green book printed in type that seemed to be oddly chipped and blunt. Its spine, much-rubbed, bore the words "Little Women and Good Wives," a union of titles. Within, Louisa M. Alcott's famous March novels were brought together in some hundreds of pages, many of them stained by sea-water. My father had taken it on several long voyages, though I found it hard to imagine him in mid-typhoon, or fresh from a hurricane or so, turning to these gentle domestic annals of Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy.

Still, once an addict of "Little Women," always an addict. For years I read the book until its binding was even more rubbed and its spine had worked looser. Jo had her hair cut off, Amy was selfish, Meg was sweet, Beth died. One never thought of blaming Louisa Alcott for allowing Beth to fade away. The Victorian novelists loved their death-beds—think of Little Willie, Little Eva, Little Paul—and this March sister was doomed from the first. I have always wept here, unashamedly, and I did so again at the Piccadilly Theatre (now we reach the point) during the second act of a musical play, "A Girl Called Jo."

This is a conflation of the books. It says a good deal for the honesty of the three authors, Peter Myers, Alec Grahame and David Climie (more experienced as revue librettists), that they have not allowed Beth to live. For one fearful moment I thought they might do so. If they had, they might as well have transferred the rest of the piece to, say, Rockall or North Uist. Its setting would not have mattered; it would not have been the March family, it would not have been the true "Little Women."

The authors are honest; indeed, considering that they have not much period sense—or so one must assume—they have made a creditable job of something fantastic to contemplate. I believe myself that they owe much to Denis Carey. That wise and sympathetic producer has bridged the chasms; under his guidance we never forget the original—or hardly

old hands while providing for contemporary tastes in the "musical."

Joan Heal, after some early trouble with Jo, when she is tomboyish without being lovable, suddenly grows into the part and is all that she ought to be—especially during the second half when she sings "Rely on Me!" Here the Kirke children get the fairy-tales related to them in Western idiom (I like especially Cinderella as Cindy Lou, bride of Sheriff Charming). Virginia Vernon, Diane Todd and Marion

concerned with the repressed Aaronetta (Aunt "Arry" to everyone). As a study in various types of eccentricity, "Morning's at Seven" doubtless has its points, and it may have caught me on an unfortunate evening—though (I hasten to explain) not for the reason Stephen Phillips's Nero speaks of in a passage my colleagues should read with delight:

Rome hath no critics! I would write a play,
Lived there a single critic fit to judge it.
Whether a dancing-girl kick high enough—
On this they can pronounce: this is their trade.
With verse upon the stage they cannot cope.
Too well they dine, too heavily, and bear
The undigested peacock to the stalls.

I had not dined on peacock when I saw "Henry the Fifth" at the Old Vic. But something must have been wrong, because I could not join in the general applause for Richard Burton. A most likable actor but not, it seems to me, a Henry the Fifth, star of England, though he was better than he was at Stratford in 1951. His Henry now is plain, strong and honest; he comes off best when, in Erpingham's cloak, he wanders the field at night, or when, in softer surroundings and away from the band of brothers, he woos his Princess in dog-French. Michael Benthall's production is splendid—swift and clear, no trouble about that. I think of it now for its lesser people, for Zena Walker (Katharine), for Dudley Jones (that Welsh Nationalist, Fluellen), for Richard Wordsworth's Pistol (not at half-cock, as Pistols are so often), for John Greenwood's Boy (Mr. Benthall brings on the body), and for the Captain Gower of Derek Francis: a highly lovable little performance of one type of English soldier through the centuries—laconic, not wildly intellectual, and a determined linguist (mark that "Garsong!"). John Neville is a fine Chorus.



"IF YOU HAVE LOVED 'LITTLE WOMEN' AND 'GOOD WIVES,' YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED BY THIS MUSICAL VERSION OF THE ALCOTT NOVELS": "A GIRL CALLED JO" (PICCADILLY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY AFTER THE FOUR SISTERS HAVE RETURNED FROM THE BALL ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1863—(L. TO R.) AMY (VIRGINIA VERNON), BETH (DIANE TODD), JO (JOAN HEAL) AND MEG (MARION GRIMALDI).

Grimaldi know all about the other Marches, and Denis Quilley, as Laurie—the boy next door—sings "A Girl Called Jo" with attractive ease. I was not wholly impressed by Noel Dyson's Marmee. Maybe she found all that sweetness and light a little trying: Marmee seems to stand and to watch herself with detached amusement.

What else? A pleasant, if slightly monotonous, score by John Pritchett; and my usual failure to believe that the Civil War is raging far away in the background (Mr. March does turn up at the end—like Jaques de Boys—to remind us). By the way, did Jo (1863-1864) really speak of her "artistic integrity"? And that jest about "chacun à son glue"—what of that?

This was, for me, a much gayer evening than another tale of four sisters, "Morning's at Seven," at the newly-renovated Comedy Theatre. The piece, by Paul Osborn, is set in the backyard common to a pair of American suburban houses: I found it a tale in washed-out water-colour, and it is impossible to conceive why someone has compared it to "A Day by the Sea." There are moments of amusement when Peter Jones, Tucker McGuire and Marda Vanne are exchanging conversational bromides. The night is most trying when we are



"SET IN THE BACKYARD COMMON TO A PAIR OF AMERICAN SUBURBAN HOUSES": "MORNING'S AT SEVEN" (COMEDY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM PAUL OSBORN'S COMEDY WITH (L. TO R.) THEODORE (FREDERICK LEISTER), ESTHER (NAN MUNRO), CORA (MONA WASHBOURNE), AARONETTA (MARGARET VINES), IDA (MARDA VANNE) AND DAVID (CHARLES HESLOP).



"A MOST LIKABLE ACTOR BUT NOT, IT SEEMS TO ME, A HENRY THE FIFTH, STAR OF ENGLAND...": RICHARD BURTON IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "HENRY V." (OLD VIC). WOOS KATHARINE (ZENA WALKER) "IN DOG-FRENCH" IN THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE PLAY.

ever: the ballets do get in the way—and I imagine that now cuts have probably been made, we shall be still nearer to Miss Alcott. As things are, the action occupies just a year, from Christmas Eve 1863 to Christmas Eve 1864. The first half of the story has much of the familiar March material. The introduction to the family is at once careful and vivid. Later, Jo becomes a governess and meets Professor Bhaer (a soothing performance by Peter Dyneley: one wanted to stroke him); then, after Beth's end—done simply and movingly—the story loses itself for a while in a balletic tour of Europe for Amy's benefit. It was here that the night did turn from Miss Alcott to the commonplaces of the musical stage. Still, these were obviously relished by strangers to the Alcott world, so one cannot grumble too much. In fact, the piece can work cunningly upon the sentiment of the

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE" (Empress Hall).—Cheapside to Morocco and back by the usual route, but not on ice. The briskest scene is in a jungle—and, now I come to consider it, that is hardly the usual route. Pictorially, a good night; don't let us bother about the drama. (December 10.)

"HENRY THE FIFTH" (Old Vic).—Michael Benthall's production, impressively simple, would be memorable if Richard Burton were a more exciting King. This estimable actor is not, for me, a "star of England," though he can deal justly with such scenes as the "little touch of Harry in the night" and the wooing. There are some first-rate minor performances, especially Derek Francis's Captain Gower. (December 13.)

"MORNING'S AT SEVEN" (Comedy).—And the lark ought to be on the wing. But Paul Osborn's comedy of a set of American eccentrics is only intermittently engaging. There are stretches during which (I speak for myself) one has time to consider the decorations of the beautifully-renovated theatre, an asset to the West End. (December 14.)

"A GIRL CALLED JO" (Piccadilly).—If you have loved "Little Women" and "Good Wives," you will not be disappointed by this musical version of the Alcott novels (three librettists and a composer have worked on it). It has thin patches, it is too long and there are needless ballets, but Joan Heal can develop the character of Jo; Denis Quilley and Peter Dyneley are splendid singers, and major credit must go, I think, to the inventive production of Denis Carey. (December 15.)

I am sorry not to find Mr. Burton more exciting; maybe it was because, earlier in the day, I had been overwhelmed by Sir Laurence Olivier's magnificent film "Richard III," and its echoes were with me still.

Dick Whittington, I believe, was from Henry the Fifth's time; but I do not think that we can accept as historical fact the goings-on in a pantomime, "Dick Whittington on Ice" at the Empress Hall. There are some agreeable cats in this, and some alarming rats; the ice, as usual, has a carpet of many colours; we go to sea, and we end in Guildhall. Pictorially, it is often a pleasure, though the trouble with a skating pantomime is that one twirl or twist is much like another twist or twirl. However, I refuse to be frigid about it, or, as they say at the Vic, to hang like a "roping icicle."

PANTOMIMES ON ICE: TWO CURRENT LONDON PRODUCTIONS.



"DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE": JAMES BLAIR, A YOUNG AMERICAN SKATER, AS "DICK" IN THE CURRENT PANTOMIME AT THE EMPRESS HALL.



THE PUSSY-CAT BALLET IN "DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE": A GROUP IN ONE OF THE SPECTACULAR DANCE SCENES WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THIS TRADITIONAL ENTERTAINMENT INTERPRETED ON ICE.



A CHARMING PUSSY-CAT ON SKATES: JOAN CONNELL AS THE WHITE PUSSY-CAT. SHE ALSO PLAYS THE PART OF POLLY PERKINS.



SOLEMNLY SKATING INTO GUILDHALL: A GROUP OF BEEF-EATERS IN THE FINALE OF "DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE."



MAID MARIAN SAILING THROUGH THE AIR: GRACEFUL JINX CLARK AS "MAID MARIAN" IN "BABES IN THE WOOD ON ICE," AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY.



MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE ON ICE: THE COMEDIANS JIMMY JEWEL AND BEN WARRISS AS THE ROBBERS IN "BABES IN THE WOOD ON ICE."



A FORMER WORLD ICE SKATING CHAMPION AS "ROBIN HOOD": JACQUELINE DU BIEF, THE MOST SKILFUL FRENCH SKATER, IN "BABES IN THE WOOD ON ICE."

The Christmas season has brought its usual selection of pantomimes to London and two of the most spectacular among them are illustrated on this page. Though both keep reasonably close to the pantomime conventions, the fact that they are performed largely on ice-skates makes for many unusual features. At the Empress Hall over a hundred performers take part in "Dick Whittington on Ice." In having the clever young American skater, James Blair, as "Dick," this production departs from tradition by having a male principal boy. He is partnered in some brilliant dance duets by Cathy Steel as "Alice." This pantomime closes

with a spectacular finale, set in Guildhall, where Dick Whittington is elected Lord Mayor of London. The second pantomime on ice is "Babes in the Wood on Ice," which is to be seen at the Empire Pool, Wembley. This production has nearly 200 performers who are led by a former world ice skating champion, Jacqueline du Bief, as "Robin Hood." Miss du Bief, who is French, was seen at Wembley last year as "Aladdin." The comedians in this pantomime are Jimmy Jewel and Ben Warriss. An unusual feature for "Babes in the Wood" is the appearance of a vast space ship, which is 60 ft. in circumference.

THE ONLY WEST END PANTOMIME, AND THREE CHRISTMAS PLAYS.



NICHOLAS STUART GRAY AS PUSS IN HIS OWN PLAY "THE MARVELLOUS STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS."



CINDERELLA WITH HER UGLY SISTERS IN THE ONLY WEST END PANTOMIME THIS YEAR: ERICA YORKE IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE PALACE THEATRE.



DAVID NIXON AS BUTTONS AND HIS WIFE PAULA MARSHALL AS DANDINI IN "CINDERELLA."

ONCE again this year there is only one pantomime to be seen in London's West End. This is Emile Littler's production of "Cinderella" which plays at the Palace Theatre until March 3. The stars of this show include Erica Yorke as "Cinderella," David Nixon as "Buttons" and Jean Telfer as "Prince Charming." Nicholas Stuart Gray is starring in his own play for children "The Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots," which is to be seen at the Fortune Theatre until Jan. 21. The same play will be

(Continued below, left.)

(RIGHT.) THE SPARKLING BALLROOM SCENE IN "CINDERELLA": JEAN TELFER AS "PRINCE CHARMING" IS SEEN TALKING TO "BUTTONS" IN THE LEFT CENTRE.



GRACEFULLY FLYING THROUGH THE AIR: PEGGY CUMMINS IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "PETER PAN," WHICH IS PLAYING AT THE SCALA THEATRE.



ANTON DOLIN AS ST. GEORGE IN "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," WHICH HAS A THREE-WEEK SEASON AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.



THE FAMOUS BALLERINA VIOLETTA ELVIN AS "THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKE." SHE APPEARS IN "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.

(Continued from above.) performed at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and scenes from this play have appeared on Television. This year "Peter Pan" again makes its annual appearance at the Scala Theatre, where it can be seen twice nightly until January 21. Peggy Cummins is playing the part of "Peter." Boxing Day saw the start of a

three-week season of "Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Royal Festival Hall. Anton Dolin, Violetta Elvin, Alfred Marks and Valentine Dyll are the stars in this popular Christmas classic. Another interesting Christmas entertainment is "Alice Through the Looking Glass," which is showing at the Chelsea Palace Theatre with a very strong cast.

SOME CHRISTMAS SHOWS, INCLUDING AN OUTSTANDING NEWCOMER.



OF the Christmas productions illustrated on this page Benjamin Britten's "Let's Make an Opera" (Royal Court Theatre until January 14) is already a classic. Miss Blyton's two children's entertainments share the Princes Theatre: "Noddy in Toyland" for young children appears in the afternoons; while "The Famous Five" for somewhat older children is being put on in the evenings. The third show illustrated, "Listen to

(Continued below.)

(LEFT) IN "LISTEN TO THE WIND": THE GALE BIRD (RODERICK COOK) CROUCHES AT THE FEET OF NORTH WIND (CLIVE REVILL) AND (RIGHT) SOUTH WIND (PEARL NEWMAN).



THE MERMAID WHO LOST THE USE OF HER TAIL: MIRANDA (MIRIAM KARLIN) IN "LISTEN TO THE WIND," A NEW MUSICAL PLAY.



SAM THE SWEEP'S BOY IS GIVEN A BATH: IN THE REVIVAL OF BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S "LET'S MAKE AN OPERA," AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE.



PRINCIPALS IN "LET'S MAKE AN OPERA," AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE: (LEFT) MAURICE WEARMOUTH AS CLEM AND TREVOR ANTHONY AS BLACK BOB, WITH THEIR SWEEP'S BRUSH.



PAT GARWOOD AS GEORGE, WITH JIMMY THE DOG, IN THE ENID BLYTON PLAY, "THE FAMOUS FIVE," WHICH IS PRESENTED FOR EVENING PERFORMANCES AT THE PRINCES THEATRE.



IN "NODDY IN TOYLAND," THE ENID BLYTON CHILDREN'S SHOW (MATINEES AT THE PRINCES THEATRE): LEFT TO RIGHT—NODDY (BUNNY MAY), SILKY THE FAIRY (PAT CREE), MR. PINK-WHISTLE (LESLIE SARONY) AND MR. PLODD THE POLICEMAN (PETER ELLIOTT).

Continued from above.] the Wind," is described as "a play for children and grown-ups," and is by Angela Ainley Jeans, with music and lyrics by Vivian Ellis. This was first produced last year at Oxford, where it had a tremendous success. This year it opened at the Arts Theatre on December 18 and will certainly

run until January 21, but may be extended. This is a delightful play, with several really catchy tunes, well-acted, well-produced and delightfully dressed both in the Victorian scene with which it opens and in its later travels to the Palace of the Wind Kingdom.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE theme of a novel may be summed up in widely different terms, according to how you look at it; and one is often surprised by someone else's terms. And yet there may be no discrepancy at a second glance. Look, for instance, at "Sincerely, Willis Wayde," by John P. Marquand (Robert Hale; 15s.). "This," says the jacket, "is the story—at once realistic, compassionate and gently satirical—of a successful American businessman." I should have said that it was the story of an American Uriah Heep, and that the author had been at pains to advertise it as such. In fact, he has; the sincere Willis is identified with Uriah Heep on three separate occasions, by an acute, though not impartial, witness. Yet really it can be put either way. Because the whole point is that in American conditions, the parvenu business magnate will be a Uriah Heep.

Of course, that implies drastic modification of the type. The proto-Uriah was an envenomed, perfectly conscious hypocrite, who got ahead by the old-fashioned dodge of "keeping his place." And while originally he had something to be vindictive about, within the story he was just a villain and proud of it. None of this applies to the modern, realistic figure of his descendant. Willis has no social grievance; his background is modest, but quite comfortable and, anyhow, it is American to start poor. He gets ahead largely by a devout aping of his betters. And the process is one long love-feast. Nowadays we are inclined to disbelieve in "pure" hypocrisy; Willis's type consists in a genius for not noticing what he is up to—and thus avoiding all malice against the victims.

But are they victims? Did he owe any of them allegiance—even the Harcourt family? His father says not; but then Alf Wayde has never participated in the love-feast. He is an independent, world-scorning technician, rather like Caleb Garth without the sanctimony. H.H., the ruling Harcourt, is an elderly gentleman of great cleverness and distinction, and a turn for acquiring people by generosity. He needs Alf at the works; and in time his amiable but incompetent son and grandson will need looking after. Therefore, he does a lot for the Waydes. Alf is unmoved; but Willis falls over himself in homage. He would die for Mr. Harcourt. He aspires to be just like him. And if H.H. had lasted another year or two. . . . But the granddaughter marries someone else; and Willis is off to better himself before you can say knife. After that he progresses from loyalty to loyalty, and from double-cross to double-cross—till the moment when he is a full-blown tycoon, betraying the Harcourt Mill at a distance with (he explains) sincere mental agony.

This is an extremely ample book; and I have had to leave out not only the Harcourt "nest of gentlefolk," but Willis's domestic pattern and manipulations of conscience. Because he has a conscience, tender though rudimentary. Nor did he invent the loyalty technique. It just happens to suit him; and the exposition is as masterly as the player.

OTHER FICTION.

"Less Than Angels," by Barbara Pym (Cape; 13s. 6d.), has such a delicate, unemphatic outline that one hardly knows what to say about it. Opaquely speaking, it is a study in anthropologists. There are two poles: a new London "research centre," and the suburban home of its youngest, most tentative *habituée*, Deirdre Swan. Deirdre, at nineteen, is a lost fledgling among students, but a romantic, slightly formidable figure to her mother and aunt. She has a vague wish to be in love; and when Tom Mallow reappears from the "field," she is in love. Tom's country upbringing has made him "kind-hearted and fond of animals," so he begins to notice her; and gradually Catherine Oliphant becomes aware of it. Up to now he has been living with Catherine, who writes for the women's magazines and has her own flat. His feelings have not precisely changed, but she is apt to be rather whimsical and independent, while Deirdre looks at him like a puppy-dog. And so—somehow or other—he finds himself moving into poky quarters with a couple of younger men, and no definite intentions. Worse still, he is losing his faith in anthropology. Meanwhile, he can hardly wait to get back to Africa. . . .

That is a little bit of the foreground—excluding Catherine, who is observing the anthropologists, and Deirdre's mother and aunt, who are observing a retired Colonial administrator over the hedge. But it conveys none of the truth and insight—the ironic comedy, the modulations from sad to gay, and the peculiarly feminine assurance. For some readers, this is a three-star novel. I won't say that it resembles Jane Austen, which is never true. But it should appeal to the same taste.

"Venture Into Darkness," by Alice Tisdale Hobart (Longmans; 12s. 6d.), combines an escape story, with a picture of Communist China. David Conway, an American business man, was born and brought up in China; but when the Reds came into power he ducked out, leaving a young tenderfoot in his place. And now he has been driven back by remorse—to rescue Damon if possible, and, more obscurely, to get right with the past. But his companion, the son of an old friend in Hong Kong, is an unstable, Western-hating youth, who promptly goes over to the Communists, and betrays everyone. Of course the Communist picture is second-hand. But it is a humane, spacious book; the author has a profound knowledge and love of the Chinese, and makes the country sound very beautiful.

"The Evil of the Day," by Thomas Sterling (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is announced *not* to be Ben Jonson's "Volpone." From which one may reasonably infer that it is. And up to a certain point, it is: a brilliant neo-"Volpone," in the Venice of to-day, with the American Cecil Fox shamming moribund, summoning a trio of "dear friends" to close his eyes, playing on their greed, wooed with expensive presents (all timepieces, which is a good touch) and loans of money. . . . Mosca the parasite has become William Fieramosca, an out-of-work actor, Celia an old lady's companion. . . . and so on. Then the drama changes its shape, and emerges as a detective story. And it is still excellent value. The whole production has style; and Fox has really uncommon style—an exuberant poetic villainy worthy of his source in the great age.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CHESS masters as a body are good writers. Those who cannot write quite entertainingly can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Outstanding among them is Samuel Reshevsky, who worsted the world champion, Michael Botvinnik, in a recent U.S.A. v. U.S.S.R. match. Reshevsky is certainly America's most gifted player and probably one of the four or five best in the world, yet, as a writer, he is mute. One book only claims his authorship; and the voluminous American writer, Fred Reinfeld, is alleged to have stated that he "ghosted" every word of it, some years ago.

Miguel Najdorf has just produced his first book, and a good one: rather curiously, at a moment in his distinguished career when his playing strength seems drifting towards decline. Erich Eliskases is another of the reticent ones. To the best of my knowledge, he has written only one book, which is little known and quite a prized unit in my library as it was published in Brazil, where, I'm told, the insects make it a hard job to preserve any book for long. On the other hand, he has written a lot in magazines. Reuben Fine, Reshevsky's rival for many decades, has written of late far more than he has played.

Chess authorship has perils. In the violently competitive atmosphere of the chess arena to-day, rivals are liable to scrutinise every word you write for clues to your personality and style; clever indeed is the master who can write interestingly and well without giving *something* away. When Tarrasch went under to Lasker it was largely—by common agreement—because the former had disclosed his methods in a stream of famous treatises.

"Ghosting" such as I have mentioned can, of course, play the devil with such analytical methods. Alekhine once told me an amusing story. In preparation for one of his matches against Euwe he studied almost every word the latter had written. In one opening variation, he found, Euwe had advocated a poor move. So when their match started, Alekhine headed straight for this variation. Instead of playing the move given in his book, Euwe unhesitatingly made a better one. After the game, Alekhine taxed him on why he recommended one thing but played another. "He didn't know he had recommended that move," said Alekhine to me. "I don't believe he wrote it!"

There is, of course, an alternative explanation. Many chess writers, especially if keenly engaged in the tournament arena, deliberately hold their hands. Particularly in the range of the openings, it is often painfully clear how careful they are to tell the reader what has been played in a particular position—not what they intend to play next time they encounter it. Of the thousands of lines of play in that encyclopædia of the openings, "Modern Chess Openings," not 1 per cent. is new analysis.

You are most misguided if you take everything written on chess as gospel. Everything in chess literature should be scrutinised with a keenly critical—in fact, almost jaundiced—eye. Ocean-deep in its complexity, chess is at the same time easy to write about but virtually impossible to write about correctly. Inaccuracies are there for the finding in every chess book ever written. About twice a week, year in year out, somebody writes to me gleefully pointing out some chess writer's blunder (the critic is sometimes wrong himself, of course).

To seek for and find such inaccuracies not only enhances your ability at the game: it can increase your self-confidence in a remarkable way. The happiest hunting-ground is in the works of the more prolific authors; it is in the nature of things that a writer who turns out material almost daily will not attain the relatively higher accuracy of those who chisel and prune for years before publication. So—whether my candour amuses or offends, it is all the same to me—start your quest in the works of Euwe or Reinfeld or Golombek (or my own!), and you will have a rather better chance of success.

MODERN TURKEY AND BYGONE BRITAIN.
IT is not easy to write a coherent history of a country in a couple of hundred pages, yet Dr. Geoffrey Lewis has succeeded in bringing "Turkey" (Benn; 21s.) to life for his readers. He is really concerned with modern Turkey, and dismisses the first eight centuries or so of the Ottoman Empire in a mere forty pages. But it is the Turkey of Mustapha Kemal (Ataturk) and his successors that is now playing its part in world affairs, and all too little is known about it here. Dr. Lewis argues that Turkey to-day is a democracy—or at least that "the seeds of democracy have manifestly been sown" in her. Like a pair of bathing trunks, democracy has now become a kind of "triangular badge of respectability," which must be worn by all nations before they can be admitted into decent society. One can but comment that some people look very funny in bathing trunks. But Turkey's right feeling has been forcefully, if somewhat naïvely, expressed by the poet Orhan Veli, in his "The Butcher's Cat's Reply to the Alley-Cat":

You speak of hunger;
That means you're a Communist.
That means you're the chap who's been starting all the fires.
All the ones in Istanbul,
All the ones in Ankara.
Ooh! What a swine you are!

(Let us charitably concede that the translators of modern poetry have an uphill task.) Dr. Lewis is perhaps at his best in discussing Turkey's post-war foreign policy. He deals with the Cyprus problem, and draws attention to the Turco-Pakistan Agreement of last year. The latter has now, of course, expanded into the "northern tier" Pact, and Dr. Lewis evidently appreciated its significance well in advance of the event. I did not greatly care for the second part of this book, which lists general information in the rather depressing style of the geography books of my youth: "principal rivers," "principal exports," etc. But all this information is useful, and in the space at his disposal Dr. Lewis cannot have been expected to convey it more gracefully. It is rather pathetic that on Turkish bookstalls there appears a work entitled "Nice Things That Have Been Said About the Turks." Having myself travelled in Turkey from Istanbul to Adana, both before and during the war, and entertained two official delegations of Turks here, I am prepared to contribute quite extensively to the next edition of this little volume!

I find among non-historians—and even among historians whose special period rests on an insufficient general background—a tendency to confuse Beau Nash and Beau Brummell. Mr. Willard Connelly's new biography, "Beau Nash" (Werner Laurie; 16s.), should help to sort out this bemusement. Nash arrived in Bath in the year 1705, and found it, for the most part, very second-rate. The Master of Ceremonies, one Captain Webster, allowed dancers to wear boots. Boots! When Nash succeeded Webster, who perished incapably in a duel, his ban on boots was one of the most sternly enforced laws of polite Bath. (True, Lord Peterborough defied it, but Lord Peterborough "even in his blue ribbon and star went to market, whence he returned with a cabbage under each arm and swinging a chicken." An eccentric nobleman.) Nash himself was generous as well as dictatorial. One evening he won £200 at piquet. "Heavens!" whispered one bystander to another, "how happy would all that money make us!" Nash "put the £200 into his hands; and simply said, 'Go and be happy.'" When George III. came to the throne, the Beau had lived under seven reigns. Monarch of Bath for over fifty years, he had watched the great pageant of the first half of the eighteenth century ebb and flow through the Pump Room and the Assembly Rooms. The Marlboroughs, the Chesterfields (father and over-polished son), the Bristols, the Queensberrys, the Lady Jennies and the Lady Jemimas, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and oddities like the Princess Amelia. There were the men of letters—Addison, Defoe and Wycherley—generals, doctors and the mass of the elegant, the not-so-elegant, and the totally ineligible. It is a pageant full of life and colour, but Mr. Connelly has contrived to make a human being of Beau Nash, rather than an automaton of politeness. That is the book's achievement.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than that between Nash, the arbiter of elegance, and Grimaldi, the clown. Yet each was, in his own way, unique. Mr. Richard Findlater has done a considerable service to the history of comedy by publishing his "Grimaldi" (Macgibbon and Kee; 21s.). The horror of clowning in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is pointedly illustrated by Grimaldi's own admission that in the course of his career he had broken almost every bone in his body. Rough-and-tumble seems a very mild description of it. The Georgian world was robust, and the Georgian theatre matched it. "At Islington, in particular, off-stage manners were rough-and-ready, and the language of both ladies and gentlemen would curdle the blood of a whole Palladium bill to-day." Joseph Grimaldi won a remarkable tribute from William Hazlitt: "We were glad, right glad, to see Mr. Grimaldi

again. . . . As without the gentleman at St. Helena, there is an end of politics in Europe: so without the clown of Sadler's Wells, there must be an end of pantomimes in this country." And Thomas Hood wrote what Mr. Findlater describes as "the best of all farewells," some years before Grimaldi's death:

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling:
And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!" . . .

Grimaldi was, in fact, a genius, and a genius who made himself beloved.

Most of us know all too little about old St. Paul's, the cathedral which was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. In a beautifully-produced book, "Old St. Paul's Cathedral" (Phoenix House; 42s.), Mr. G. H. Cook has collected a wealth of interesting detail and many excellent illustrations.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

SOME "EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS": NOW EXHIBITED AT THE LEGER GALLERIES.



"RIVER SCENE IN CHINA"; BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER (1767-1816), BY WHOM THERE ARE THREE WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION "EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS," WHICH IS SHOWING AT THE LEGER GALLERIES, 13, OLD BOND STREET, UNTIL JANUARY 28. (11½ by 17½ ins.)

THERE are some ninety works in the exhibition "Early English Water-Colours," which is now showing at the Leger Galleries, 13, Old Bond Street, and remains open until January 28. The title of this exhibition is perhaps slightly misleading for there are included two works by an artist who is still alive to-day, as well as several drawings by other artists who were living in the twentieth century. In fact, because these later drawings are included, this exhibition gives a remarkably wide survey of the English water-colour school, beginning with the work of William Marlow and ending with that of Sir William Russell Flint, R.A. There are several works by Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827), including "The Cross-Roads at the Elephant and Castle," a larger version of which is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The same artist's "Meeting of the Agricultural Society" is typical

[Continued below, right.]



"CORTE, CORSICA"; BY EDWARD LEAR (1812-1888), WHO IS PARTICULARLY WELL REPRESENTED IN THIS EXHIBITION, AND IS NOW BECOMING AS WELL KNOWN FOR HIS LANDSCAPE DRAWING AS HE IS FOR HIS FAMOUS "NONSENSE RHYMES." (11½ by 17½ ins.)



"THE CHINE INN, SHANKLIN"; BY SAMUEL HOWITT (c. 1765-1822). THIS IS SIGNED, AND DATED 1791, WHICH WAS TWO YEARS BEFORE HOWITT TRAVELLED TO THE INDIES, WHERE HE SPENT SEVERAL YEARS PAINTING AND DRAWING. (8½ by 12½ ins.)



ALSO BY WILLIAM HOWITT IS THIS DRAWING ENTITLED "AWAY." IT IS ONE OF FOUR HUNTING SCENES BY HOWITT IN THIS EXHIBITION, WHICH WERE ALL DRAWN IN 1798. THIS ARTIST WAS SELF-TAUGHT. (11½ by 17 ins.)

[Continued.]

of his most amusing caricature work. There are thirteen water-colour drawings by Edward Lear in this exhibition. This artist is perhaps better known for his "Nonsense Rhymes" than for his superb draughtsmanship, but in recent years a large number of his drawings have been shown in this country. Edward Lear was born in 1812, the youngest son of a large family of Danish descent. When nineteen years old he obtained employment as a draughtsman in the gardens of

[Continued below, left.]



"ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER, ROME"; BY WILLIAM MARLOW (1740-1813). A PUPIL OF SAMUEL SCOTT, MARLOW TRAVELLED IN FRANCE AND ITALY BETWEEN 1765 AND 1768. HIS ITALIAN SCENES ARE OFTEN INFLUENCED BY RICHARD WILSON. (13½ by 20½ ins.)

[Continued.]

the Zoological Society, and concentrated particularly on the drawing of parrots. From 1832-36 he was employed by the Earl of Derby to draw the animals in his menagerie and aviary at Knowsley Hall. It was for the Earl's grandchildren that Lear wrote the famous "Book of Nonsense." Soon after his return to London Lear travelled to Italy, partly for the sake of his health, and he spent most of the rest of his life abroad, principally in Italy, Greece and Egypt, but also visiting



"A VIEW WITH BUILDINGS NEAR ROME"; BY WILLIAM MARLOW, WHO ALSO COMPLETED SOME OIL PAINTINGS IN ITALY. BOTH THESE DRAWINGS BY HIM COME FROM THE COLLECTION OF T. C. GIRTIN, WHO WAS THE SON OF THE ARTIST THOMAS GIRTIN. (13½ by 20½ ins.)

India and Ceylon. Throughout his travels he sketched profusely, his drawings and water-colours being far more successful than his minutely detailed oil paintings. It is a just reflection of his place in the English water-colour school that Edward Lear's work is so well represented in this exhibition. Among other artists whose work is included at the Leger Galleries are John Varley, James Holland, William Callow, David Cox and M. Bircket Foster.

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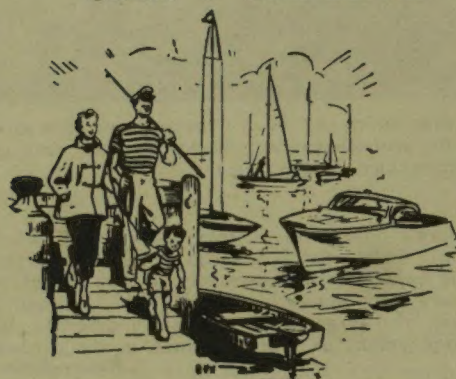
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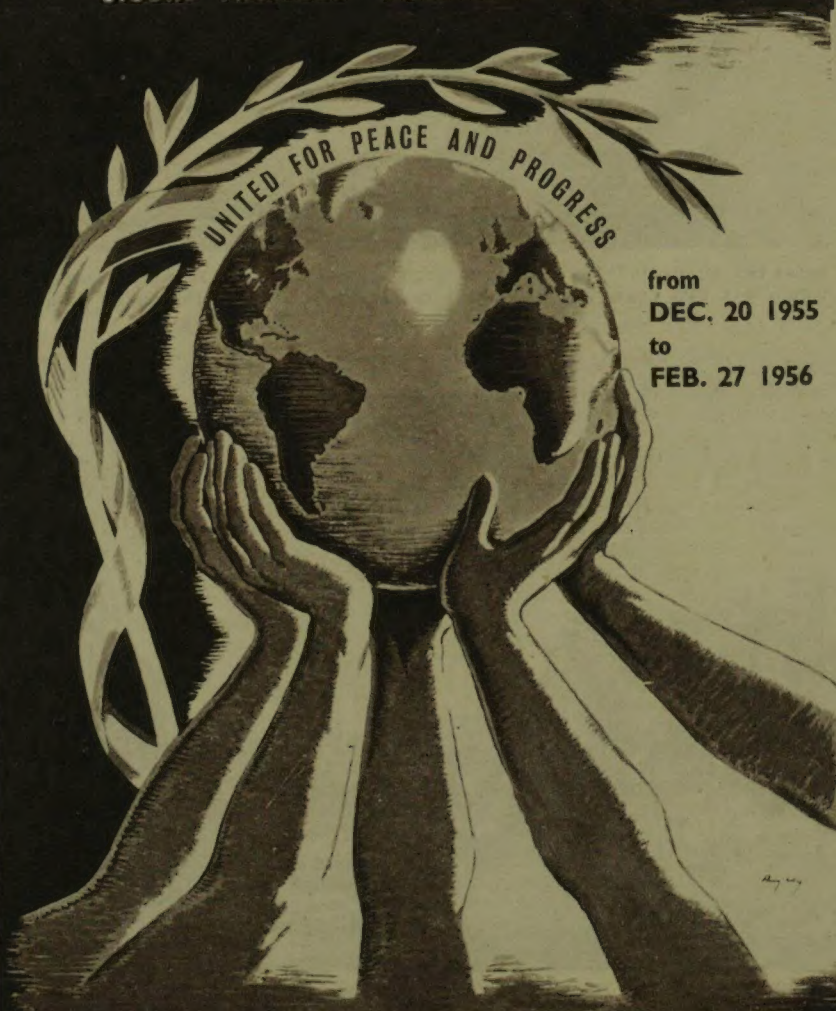
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*Shell Nature Studies*EDITED BY
JAMES FISHERNO.
12DECEMBER *Berries**Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.*

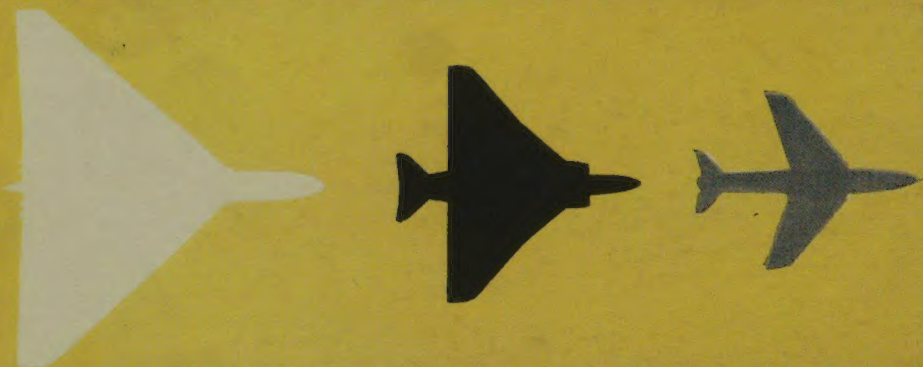
THE YEAR ENDS WITH A BOUQUET OF BERRIES. Not only bird-watchers follow the berry-eaters and seed-scavengers. Jinking round a bush, a sparrow-hawk (1) picks a yellowhammer (2) out of a mixed flock—chaffinch (3), greenfinch (4) and house-sparrow (5) dash for cover. A stoat (6) shows interest in a small party of waxwings (7), stripping the cotoneaster: they come from Scandinavia, these colourful berry-birds—in some winters in large numbers. Even the long-tailed field-mouse (8) seeks berries, often storing them in old nests. A pair of magpies (9) chatters across the sky; but the chief sounds of the winter hedges are the chuckling, stuttering and ticking voices of the thrushes among the haws; our winter-visitors, redwing (10) and fieldfare (11), our resident song-thrush (12) and blackbird (13). Our biggest thrush the storm-cock or mistle-thrush (14) is, indeed, in December, a mistletoe-thrush.



Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd., 38, William IV Street, W.C.2. Obtainable from booksellers at 6/6d.

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